

# FRANK LESLIE'S ILLINOIS AND IOWA NEWSPAPER

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## Unexpected Bliss.

THE extraordinary rigor shown by the police in breaking up gambling-houses where keno is played, contrasted with the indulgence enjoyed by faro establishments, excites no little comment. There is scarcely a morning when one does not read in the papers of a descent (up-stairs), having been made on some of the dens, and of the summary arrest of all found in the room, whether hawks, pigeons, or mere spectators of the game. We have not kept a tally of the numbers arrested, but if the cases are reported correctly, we are quite sure that several hundred persons have, within the past two months, been brought before a magistrate charged with this offense, and have been held to bail. This journal has always insisted, with a degree of iteration perhaps wearisome, that it was



SCENE IN CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, DURING THE FLOOD ON SUNDAY MORNING, FEB. 17, CORNER OF BLUE ISLAND AND CENTRE AVENUES.  
FROM A SKETCH BY ROBERT PIRATSKY.—SEE PAGE 407.

not only the duty of the police to destroy these pests of gambling-houses, but further, that if the police did their duty, their proprietors would speedily find this city no place for their infamous business, and would go elsewhere, perhaps to Washington. It is not, therefore, for us to detract in any way from the merit of the frequent demonstrations the force has lately been making. We do not know, and do not care to know, why keno provokes the hostility from which faro was exempt. Perhaps the former has come more extensively into fashion, and has superseded the latter in the fancy of the knaves and dupes who support it, so that in suppressing keno, the chief member of the whole bad fraternity is crushed.

Be this as it may, we congratulate our citizens upon the



A RACE BETWEEN A PASSENGER TRAIN AND A PRAIRIE FIRE.—SEE PAGE 407.

prospects of being rid of the infamous dens that have too long disgraced our leading thoroughfares. If Mr. Kennedy will follow up with vigor his first blows, if he will continue to hammer away till gambling-houses are as scarce in this city as they were in San Francisco in the palmy days of the Vigilance Committee, he will not only earn the thanks and gratitude of the community, but—what may be of some importance to him—may induce a condonation of his excess of zeal in other matters on which it was lately our duty to speak in severe terms. Arrests, however, are unfortunately only the first and easiest part of suppression. It is to the courts we must look for the infliction of the punishment due to the violation of the laws, and it is here precisely that the hitch seems to occur that renders the efforts of the police of no avail. Whoever will be at the pains to watch for the trial at the General or Special Sessions of certain classes of offenses, for which the perpetrators are held to bail by the sitting magistrate, will find, to his surprise, that many cases never come to trial. Where the smothering process occurs it is difficult to find out. The *New York Times* has ably pointed out one method by which justice is cheated, and there are, we doubt not, many other means of evading a trial. Common rumor asserts that the gamblers are so rich that they cannot be tried, or if tried, that they cannot be punished. We have no means of knowing exactly how their wealth can be applied to effect such objects—that is, in plain terms, who can be bribed or influenced to wink at their escape; but this fact every one can see for himself, that with large numbers of arrests for gambling, the convictions are scandalously few. During this week the police have twice broken up one notorious "hell," and it is a scandal to our administration of law that a man under bail for a misdemeanor should openly repeat the offense. Under such circumstances of flagrant defiance of the laws the committing justice has but one clear line of duty—to send the case for trial without admitting bail.

It is but slender encouragement to police officers who are striving to do their duty to see the miscreants arrested one day let out on bail to renew their career on the next. A new arrest may follow—another release—and then another arrest—but what a mockery of justice is all this; and when the police and the magistrates are at cross purposes, how can the public have the protection they are entitled to, if only because they pay heavily for it?

The public will watch with some interest the way in which the grand juries discharge their duties toward the hundreds of gambling cases which must come before them, if the arrests lately made are anything but whitewashing affairs. Then will come the duty of the judges. We warn these parties, in the first place, that their conduct in this matter will be closely watched, and in the next, that in the approaching State Convention, the present system of Judiciary will be unsparingly and closely criticized. If it is to continue to be elective, its advocates must be able to show beyond dispute that not only able men are elected, but men who are beyond the suspicion of corruption, and in whose hands the law is the shield of innocence and the terror of evil-doers. We wish the upholders of the present system joy of their task, but it will be rendered still more difficult than it now is if the late wholesale arrests of gamblers are followed by few or no convictions.

**EXPOSITION NOTES.**—The buildings on the Champs de Mars are getting on with astonishing rapidity. The Imperial Commission have decided that the price of admission, whether on Sundays, *five* days, or Fridays, is to be one franc. There will, therefore, be no special days for the upper ten thousand to display themselves in gorgeous array—the prince and the peasant will pay a uniform price. Tunis will be represented by the Bey himself, who is expected to remain two months at Paris. A palace has been erected for his accommodation, which will be removed to Tunis and re-erected after the Exposition closes. Morocco will be represented by a grand imperial tent of silk and gold, surrounded by several smaller tents, fountains, plantations, and agricultural implements. Japan exhibits a house in lacquer work; the pavilions are actually *en route* for France. The Kings of Siam have sent over native workmen, who are building stabling for horses and elephants, one of the latter of which at least, it is to be hoped, will be white. M. Chapon is superintending the construction of the Chinese pavilion, the plan of which is copied from one actually existing at Pekin, in the pleasure garden of the Emperor of all the Celestials. Four Chinese and their respective wives are to inhabit it. The roof will be covered by short grass and flower-beds, and here Chinese ladies will cook bird's-nest soup, make tea, etc., in order to convey to us an idea of culinary art in the Celestial Empire. The servants of these fair Celestials will be lodged in a Kiosk behind the grand pavilion, the lower storey of which is to be devoted to Chinese theatrical art, a troupe of native actors being engaged for the exhibition season, who are probably at this very moment studying the last "decided success" at "His Celestial Majesty's" at Pekin, wherewith to astonish the frequents of the *Français* or the *Odeon*. The Bouliah Museum and the magnificent temple to Arbor will represent Egypt. An *aisé*, to be inhabited by fifty Egyptian men and women, will convey an idea of modern life on the Nile, as every sort of trade will be carried on within the walls of this vast edifice. A *salamandre* is to be built for the accommodation of the Viceroy during his visit to the Exposition.

THE GREAT EASTERN is to leave England for America on the 20th of March. The intermediate shaft of the paddle engines has been condemned, and Messrs. G. Forrester & Co. are to put in a new one, which is being forged by the Mersey Steel and Iron Company, and which is to be finished by February 12. Six new screw engine-boilers are also being supplied. The "big ship," when she again leaves the Mersey, will have accommodation for no less than 2,000 passengers. She is to run between New York and Havre during the summer, in connection with the Paris Exposition.

FRANK LESLIE'S  
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.  
537 Pearl Street, New York.

NEW YORK, MARCH 16, 1867.

NOTICE.—We have no travelling agents. All persons representing themselves to be such are impostors.

NOTICE.

MANUSCRIPTS must in all cases be accompanied with the real name and address of the author, and with stamps for their return, if unacceptable. The utmost care will be taken and all possible expedition used with regard to them; but it must be understood that the Editor is not responsible should a MS. be mislaid or lost. All Communications, Books for Review, etc., must be addressed to FRANK LESLIE, 537 Pearl street, New York.

An Acceptable Present.

WITH NO. 21 of FRANK LESLIE'S BOYS' AND GIRLS' WEEKLY we give to every purchaser a copy of the beautiful and popular engraving, entitled, "Grant in Peace." It is the same picture that we presented to the buyers of No. 39 of THE CHIMNEY CORNER, and which enlarged the circulation of that well-known and favorite journal. As it met with such a hearty welcome from the grown-up patrons and parents who patronize the latter publication, we have thought it would be likewise a pleasing gift to all the Boys and Girls who read the WEEKLY. The portrait was photographed expressly for Frank Leslie by Wenderoth & Co., of Philadelphia, and is a fine work of art, worthy of a frame.

Special Notice.

WITH NO. 601 of FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER will be commenced the publication of the NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY, which will consist of full-length portraits of the leading public men of the country, engraved the full size of a page of FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER, on an extra leaf, and given away with each number. The first portrait issued will be that of Thaddeus Stevens, which will be given with No. 601.

Canada Reconstructed.

THE plan of confederation of the dependencies of Great Britain lying on our northern frontiers is no new topic to our readers. There are few, however, who have watched its progress closely, partly because our own affairs are of much more absorbing interest, and partly because without a very intimate knowledge of the political and social state of each separate province, it is impossible to come to a clear understanding of the merits of the scheme. And then the impression seems to have got abroad that after all it was only a question among politicians, and one about which the people at large knew little and cared less. Another motive of our indifference may have been, the implicit confidence we have in our own powers of absorption, and the belief that sooner or later—the exact time being unimportant—all the populations on the continent, whatever their present condition, must gravitate toward our political system, and ultimately be merged in it.

Whether we were right or not in attending to our own affairs, and leaving our neighbors to attend to theirs in their own fashion, is not now a matter of much importance. Probably had we tendered any advice on the subject it would have been rejected with scorn, or at best looked upon with suspicion, as theirs certainly would have been had they, for example, presumed to direct us in our administration of the late rebellious States. Some of our contemporaries seem to be much distressed lest the form of Government in Canada should have been changed without the will of the people having been fairly consulted. We may, however, be sure that no measure proposed by the party in actual power could fail of being earnestly opposed by the party that was out and wished to get in; and that even in a grand national measure like this, which would tend to break up old party lines and create new definitions of policy, there would be a numerous body who would oppose the measure, were it only for the sake of opposition. The influence of our example would not be unfeigned by our nearest neighbors, and in addition to the two parties we have named, there would naturally be a third, totally opposed to both, and in favor of some scheme differing radically from theirs. In Canada this third body finds expression as favoring immediate annexation to the United States. One may be sure it is composed of a large number of our countrymen settled in the upper province, and of a section of Canadians—whose prototypes exist in all free countries—who are chronically discontented with everything. We can see no reason for thinking that a measure which has excited a great deal of discussion, which has been in agitation for some years, on which every man of eminence on both sides has had his say, and which every newspaper has criticized, has finally been adopted in opposition to the wishes of a very large majority of the people.

After all, it was merely a question of compromises, and adjustment of rival, and in some cases, of discordant interests, and if these are harmoniously arranged, and those colonies who did not see their interests promoted by joining the confederation, are allowed to retain their autonomy, we do not see that our people need feel aggrieved in view of the prosperity that

will probably attend the future career of those who have shown themselves wise enough to make mutual concessions for common advantages.

It is a very narrow and unstatesmanlike spirit which can see in the prosperity of our neighbors any hazard to our own. We are convinced, on the contrary, that the more contented they are—and contentment includes the adequate rewards of industry—the better friends we shall find them. More zealous than before in discharging their international duties, more forbearing toward our domestic matters, in which really they have no concern, and in all things more willing to give and to receive the good offices of a friendly people of a common race and a common destiny.

We forbear offering any opinion on the wisdom of the proposed confederation, partly because we have not the means on which to base an intelligent judgment, and partly because, if we had, it is no business of ours what form of administration the Canadians choose to live under. We can afford to smile at their dilemma in choosing a new baptismal name. Whether they revert to the ancient French title of *Royaume* and call themselves a Kingdom, or whether they consult our republican sensibilities, and content themselves with the more modest name of Dominion, or still further incline to a similitude of our proud name, and call themselves The United Provinces, we are sure their natures will not change with their new title. A Pashalic would not make them Turks, neither will a Viceroyalty make them loyal. The spirit of a free people will express itself in the appellation of their rulers, but it is mistaking cause for effect to suppose that the name of the government can affect the political sentiments of its subjects.

Even supposing the Canadians should choose some scion of the royal house—under whatever name—for the head of their confederation, we cannot share in the alarm of those who see in this a menace to our republican institutions. Has it come to this, that our faith in the grandeur and excellence of our form of government is so small that we dare not, without dismay, see the contrast of royalty brought so near to it? Do we fear that the gewgaws and glitter of a court will corrupt the principles which we claim to be those of immutable justice? Are our people so lost to the glories of the inheritance handed down to us that they are in danger of bartering them for the attractions of a court? We are sure they are not, and we would rather believe that the proximity of our example will so temper any spirit of kingship that may be developed, that it will speedily be shorn of all except what is useful to the people who adopt it. Those among us who choose to worship at the new shrine will not grieve us by their absence, and even an alliance between the royal houses of Guelph and Bennett would not be without its alleviations.

Fenianpest.

THIS disease, we are sorry to inform our readers, has broken out with renewed virulence. Like most epidemics, it languished during the intense cold of winter, but approaching spring seems to have given new life to the buried germs. Some sanguine people there were who had hoped that the plague had departed under the severe treatment the worst cases had undergone, but they little knew the tenacity with which it clings to the body politic it has once infected, nor did they make allowance for its being the interest of many persons to promote and exacerbate what it was their duty to allay.

Dropping metaphor, however, it appears that the coming spring is to be the signal for a renewal of those nefarious attempts against the peace of a friendly neighbor, the utter uselessness of which the failures of last summer ought to have taught the leaders. Very likely indeed the leaders do know the absolute folly and crime of invading a country with which the United States is at peace. But they know also that the gullibility of their dupes is not quite exhausted, and so long as money can be got by exciting the worst passions of the Irish part of our population, so long will they shout for the invasion of Canada, or some other such mad scheme. It is lamentable indeed to think that a class of respectable and useful citizens can be imposed upon by such delusions. If it were possible to reach their understandings without ruffing their tempers we should gladly point out to them, first, the criminal nature of the designs they are asked to support. Next, the absurdity of supposing that a raid on Canada can in any manner aid Ireland. Then, that having become American citizens, they are bound to consider the honor and dignity of their adopted government as their first political duty, and that however much individuals may sympathize with the cause of the land they have deserted and forsworn, this government will not go to war for it; and therefore any attempt to embroil it with other powers can only merit its serious displeasure. We might further show to the credulous followers of Fenianism how all the money they have subscribed has

been squandered for the private purposes of their self-elected leaders, or expended in a manner that dare not be avowed. We fear, however, that the most complete exposure of the hollowness of the pretenses on which they are being fleeced would weigh little with the victims of this fraud. It is reasonable to argue, from the meetings that are being held and the preparations making, that funds are still obtainable, and so long as this is the case there will be men wicked enough to receive and to keep them.

The daily papers inform us that the Fenian convention at Utica "confines its attention to maturing plans for evading the United States authorities." The avowal of such criminal designs stamps at once with infamy the whole of the proceedings, and now we know what the leaders of this enterprise are about, we can say a few words as to what the American people, not foreign born, think of them.

When their schemes were agitated last year, this country was smarting under the illegal and ungenerous conduct of Great Britain, in allowing armed vessels under the (so-called) Confederate flag to be fitted out in her ports, and to destroy our commerce. A large number of our people were not unwilling to see Great Britain teased and perplexed by finding her own doctrines turned against herself, and applied to the invasion of one of her colonies. Not that we cared much about the Irish, or the causes of their hatred toward England. If the truth were avowed, no one was unaware of the illegality of their acts, or of the dangerous precedent they set, but the opportunity was a good one for showing how the tables could be turned, and the grim humor of our people found vent in watching how our false friend would parry the attack. But all this is now changed. The recent disposition evinced by the British government to settle the Alabama and other claims in a spirit of fairness and conciliation shows to all right-minded Americans that the day of retaliation, even by such equivocal methods, is past, and they will not now endure with patience what last year, if they did not actually encourage, they at least winked at. Besides this, it must be borne in mind that the leniency with which the Fenians captured in Canada have been treated has not been without its effect on the public mind. We know well what would be the fate now of any invasion of our territory by the adherents of a lost cause. Will not these Fenian leaders be warned in time? The dispatch from the home government commuting the sentences of the convicted men stated most plainly that no such mercy would be shown again, and we on this side of the border are in no humor for allowing those who carry brigandage and rapine into a friendly territory to escape punishment here, should they return as before, to seek the shelter of a country whose laws they have defied. We entreat these deluded men them to pause. Before them is the certainty of defeat and of ignominious death. They cannot return here without equal certainty of answering for their offense against our laws. Besides, there is no election coming off, and their votes do not happen to be wanted just now. If we were sure that the leaders would alone suffer, we might be tempted to urge them to proceed. Filibustering was not stopped till Lopez was garroted. But from all we have seen of them, we know that only their followers will be exposed, while they themselves will keep out of harm's way.

There are two things not suited to our political atmosphere, and to liberty, as understood by true Americans. The one is, the fighting of the Irish factions on our soil, about old country quarrels which do not concern us; and the other is, their calling on this nation to become their champion in all their grievances, real and imaginary. They are welcome to this country and all its privileges, only on condition of becoming orderly citizens, but to judge from the trouble they have given, and will yet give us, we do not wonder that England herself is puzzled how to rule so utterly impracticable a race.

Cruelties to Horses and Passengers.

It is difficult to tell whether the bill just submitted to the Legislature at Albany, to prevent the overcrowding of public conveyances, is meant to be for the protection of the passengers or of horses. That Mr. Bergh is its author would seem to warrant the conclusion that the interests of the brute animals would not be made secondary to those of the human, and we mean no reflection on the motives of a useful and estimable citizen if we suppose that the overcrowding of the cars and omnibuses was in his eyes only an offense and a nuisance because it is cruel to the horses. To be sure one is, to a great extent, the complement of the other. No provision is made, however, for requiring extra horses for extra weights, and therefore the public may perhaps suppose that overcrowding—purely and simply—is the evil which it is sought to remedy.

We are sorry to say that we think the measure proposed by Mr. Bergh will fail in

arresting the detestable practice of overcrowding our public conveyances. It simply provides that no stage shall carry more than twelve persons besides the driver and a conductor, and no street car more than twenty-four persons besides the driver and conductor, and that any person violating this act shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor. It is proposed that this act shall come into effect immediately. Let us suppose it came into effect to-day. As we write, snow is falling heavily, and the cars are running at long intervals, and with great difficulty. Crowds of working people who reside four to six miles from the City Hall are waiting anxiously for an opportunity to ride to their distant homes. A car arriving down town will be instantly crammed to its utmost capacity. Now, who is to be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor? Is it the conductor or the driver? The conveyance of each passenger above the legal twenty-four will be a separate misdemeanor. Are those unhappy individuals then to be liable for, let us say, twenty misdemeanors? Or are the twenty unfortunate passengers each guilty of a misdemeanor for getting into a car in which twenty-four fortunate passengers have got before them? The fact is, that the blame of this almost intolerable nuisance of overcrowding must be divided between the public and the railway companies. People see perfectly well that a car is quite full. They know there is scarcely room to stand on the platform. They know they will be crushed, and will crush others, and will have a good chance of their pockets being picked. In spite of all this they persist in forcing themselves on the car. It may be very inconvenient and disagreeable to crush and be crushed, but it is still more inconvenient to be left behind. It is a mere choice of evils, and they choose what they think is the lesser. Their business is perhaps of pressing importance, they desire to catch a train or a boat, or they are anxious to rejoin their families. To do this they are willing to stand if they cannot obtain seat. Even with twenty-four seated passengers there is plenty of room for a few to stand, yet Mr. Bergh's bill makes it a misdemeanor for the conductor to admit them, or in them to gain admittance, for it is by no means clear as the bill reads who are to be deemed the guilty parties. We may depend upon it that a regulation which both sides are interested in disregarding can never be enforced, and if the attempt were made, no conductors or drivers could be found to run the risk of being imprisoned for what they could not avoid.

It is surprising that a more effectual way of reaching the root of this evil did not occur to Mr. Bergh. It is that of licensing each stage or car to carry a certain number of passengers, fixing the number according to the dimensions of the vehicle and the number of horses attached to it. Inflict a fine of from one to five dollars upon the company owning the conveyance for every passenger carried above the licensed number, and give half the penalty to the informer. You then unite the interests of the owners and of the public. The former would take care, by an alteration in the form of the cars, that no one could step on without the knowledge and consent of the conductor—a thing quite too easy at present—and among the latter there would be plenty interested in watching that the conductors did their duty. If it is said that encouraging informers is a bad policy, we ask wherein their self-assumed duties would differ from that of the ordinary policeman? They would be paid according to their diligence, and the latter certainly would not be zealous in looking for a misdemeanor which was a luxury to a small crowd. Besides, under the Revenue and Customs system, the brood of informers is encouraged, and we see no reason, if the pockets of our respected Uncle are to be protected by such means, why our social comforts may not be likewise. We grant the occupation would not be congenial to a man of nice sense of honor, but there is nothing decidedly immoral in it; and while the railway companies maintain a system of "spotters" to detect the shortcomings of their collectors, it would gratify a sense of retributive justice if a similar measure were dealt to them.

The public is certainly under many obligations to Mr. Bergh, and if he will take this matter in hand, we care not whether in the interests of the horses or of men, with the same zeal he has carried out other matters, he will earn the fervent thanks of the community. It has, no doubt, not escaped his consideration that by diminishing the number each car (the stage matter is of less importance) is allowed to carry, the number of cars running must be increased if the same number of passengers are to be accommodated. To do this would require extensive alterations in the internal economy of the companies. The platforms of their cars must be removed, more horses and more cars must be provided, and additional conductors and drivers be engaged. To insist that this shall be done on the day the act passes, is to commit a great injustice on the proprietors. We have not much sympathy with these gentry. They will probably do all

they can to impede the execution of the act. But that is no reason they should be treated unjustly; and we would deprive them of the least shadow of excuse for not doing their duty, by fixing a day, say three months hence, when the law shall be enforced in its utmost rigor.

#### TOWN GOSSIP.

The annual report of the well planned and nobly executed charity, The Childrens' Aid Society, offers a fit occasion to call attention to the admirable work it has been doing so unobtrusively.

The objects aimed at by the Society are not the temporary aid of alms-giving, but to take the poor and deserted children of the city, to feed them, clothe them, instruct them, and find them places either here or in the West, where they may remain under the influence of a home; while the machinery by which they accomplish these so-desirable ends are as simple and economical as is possible to be and prove at the same time efficacious.

The gratitude due to the originator of this scheme of benevolence can never be repaid. With a modesty equalled only by his philanthropy, he has studiously kept hitherto all mention of his name from the public, but thousands of prosperous men and women, scattered all over the country, who were saved when children from an almost certain future of degradation by the Childrens' Aid Society, will guard his memory with a zealous reverence and love. That the duration of the silence which his life lays upon those cognizant of his well-doing may be long is the hope of all.

Turning, however, to the report, we find that the Society has supported, during the past year, thirteen industrial schools, at which "it is within bounds to say that 4,000 different children have been more or less educated, fed or clothed, through this agency, that would have been otherwise utterly neglected and left to vagabondism."

The cost of these schools has been \$18,395.29.

The Society has also supported the Newsboys' Lodging House, from which 707 boys have been sent to homes in the West, and has accommodated an average during the past year of 135 lodgers, every night, of whom 105 paid for their lodgings, while the others, not having the means, were admitted free.

Its Girls' Lodging House, Boys' Lodging House and Refuge for Homeless Children, are all equally beneficial.

The aim of all these institutions is to teach those to whom their aid is extended "to aspire to self-respect and to help themselves."

The enormous work the Society has done can be conceived from the fact that since its organization it has sent out of the city 12,736 boys, girls, men and women, and provided them with homes.

But more can be done; all that is needed is money. The Society has the organization for the work, and the children requiring its aid are not wanting.

It cannot be that in this rich and generous city a philanthropic scheme like this should be restrained in its full measure of usefulness by want of means. The substantial aid it has already received has been most generous, and has been most judiciously expended, but the field is not exhausted.

Working as this Society does for the suppression of crime and its consequent expense upon the tax-payers of the city by preventing it at its source and turning its stream into channels of usefulness, any pecuniary assistance given it has the rare quality of mercy:

It is twice blessed, It blessoth him who gives, and him that takes.

The new Opera House is finished, and before being dedicated to the muse of song, is fitly opened with a ball in honor of Terpsichore, and for the benefit of the widows and orphans of the Fire Department. The new interior is finer than the old. The plan of lighting with a chandelier is particularly to be commended.

The traditional plan of decorating the ceiling elaborately, which no one can look at comfortably without lying on his back, a position for which no theatre provides conveniences, and slighting the decoration of the proscenium, at which the entire audience is forced to look constantly, is carried out again here.

There is also another change which should be attempted in the internal arrangement of our theatres, and that is abolishing the footlights, and in their place throwing down the light from above.

As now arranged all the natural shadows of the face are destroyed; with the other arrangement they would be restored, and the necessity for much of the violent painting done away with.

The suggestion is thrown out, as an author once brought a play to Burton. On reading it Burton found that the action of the piece required that an elephant should be killed on the stage.

He mentioned the objection to the author when he called again.

"You see," he said, "it is impossible. Where can I get an elephant for each performance?"

"That," replied the author, "is none of my business. I write the play; it is for the stage-manager to provide the properties."

With the resuscitation of the Academy of Music, our other academy, the Academy of Design, is taking a fresh start. They have concluded to establish an exhibition for the sale of pictures, which they hope will grow into a permanent exhibition. It is desirable that it should. New York's pretensions as a metropolis are shockingly belied by its artistic interests. This plan is to make the academy an artistic centre in New York, interesting the artists, the amateurs and the general public in it. It can be done, and the result would be as profitable to the academy as it would be instructive to the public.

It is suggested in Boston to make an exhibition of the sketches and pictures left by the late W. T. Wheelock, whose recent death was a sad cause of regret to all who knew his ability as an architect.

Now that he is dead the Bostonians are beginning to find out that he was a great man. The way they treated him when alive is shown in the following story, which may serve also to illustrate the truth that we are more in want of competent committees who are able to judge of plans than of architects who are able to design them.

An architect should be an artist, an engineer, and a man of extended culture, but the committees generally consider him as either a dreamer or simply a builder, and treat him as a dealer, the principal merit of whose wares is that they can be bought cheap for ready money.

Wheelock, after struggling a long time against the want of appreciation, finally had his plan for a Masonic Temple accepted, but the committee, by threatening to employ some one else to make the working drawings, drove him down to so miserably low a price for making them, that his friends ascribe his loss of health to the hard and ill-requited work—the contract forced upon him.

The committee have the satisfaction of knowing that they had their working drawings cheap—they cost only the life of the architect.

The case was so notorious that his friends talk of suing the committee for the difference between what they should have paid and what they did pay. If they succeed, however, it will hardly benefit poor Wheelock, who

Is dead, dead ere his prime.

That mysterious body, the lobby at Albany, which has heretofore haunted the public consciousness like an undefined sense of some impending evil, like an instinctive dread of some approaching plague, and to whose influence is ascribed the doing of everything which ought not to be done, and the leaving undone of everything which ought to be done, has been recently dissected, and its *digesta membra* exposed to public gaze.

Like the man who looked wonderingly at the flies in amber, not much surprised at the flies, but wondering how the deuce they got there, it is a source of surprise and mortification that the men who compose this body should have attained the illegitimate power which they unquestionably have.

It may be asked with Cassius—

Upon what meat have this our lobby fed,  
That they have grown so great?

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Amusements in the City.

The leading feature in city amusements, for the week ending Wednesday, March 6th, has been the opening of the rebuilt Academy of Music, combined with the festive and musical events arranged to signalize it. A description of the interior of the new-old operatic temple, as it appears within, must be reserved for a future occasion; enough to say, now, that the dimensions are somewhat less, both in height and circumference, than before the burning—that the ornamentation is quite as elaborate while scarcely as rich—and that the diminished size and improved acoustic properties promise to make the new house quite as popular as the old, and more useful for miscellaneous purposes—especially dramatic. The first note was sounded by the firemen, at the Firemen's Ball on Thursday evening 28th February; and this was followed by the grand Ball Masque, or *Ball de l'Opéra*, on Friday evening the 1st of March, with all the dea's of crowd, splendor, fashion and enjoyment foreshadowed by the opening entertainment of the class last year. This, again, was succeeded on Saturday afternoon, by an inaugural matinee concert, in which the bands of Bergemann, Grill and Graul all took part, making the once doubted but now certified ceiling ring again. On Thursday evening the 7th the event of the season is to take place, in the opening of the opera season of thirty nights, particulars of which will be duly given in our next number. The opening opera is to be "Il Barbiere," followed by "Fra Diavolo" and "Sonnambula." \* \* \* At Wallack's Theatre a somewhat notable change has occurred, in the production on Monday evening the 4th of a new comedy by Wm. Phillips, called "Investment," of which something more than the mere announcement of its success in the following issue. \* \* \* No change has taken place in the Niblo's programme ("Black Crook"); that of the Winter Garden ("Merchant of Venice"); that of the Olympic ("Streets of New York"); or that of Barnum's ("Christian Martyrs"). \* \* \* At the New York Theatre Lady Don, a worthy favorite from the first, has redoubled the popularity of her appearance in "Kenilworth," by her neat comedy-acting in the "Pretty Horse-breaker," and the fortunes of that house have never seemed brighter than at present, with the new star and the able support of the two managers, of Mr. and Mrs. Gomeral, etc. \* \* \* At the Broadway Mr. and Mrs. Barney Williams have been drawing crowded houses with the "Fairy Circle," "Custom of the Country," "In and Out of Place," etc.; but change the programme with Thursday the 7th, to "Shandy Maguire," and on Monday to "Ireland As It Was." \* \* \* Manager Lester Wallack and his Company entitled themselves to the thanks of all the benevolent, by giving a Matinee of "Ours" on Saturday the 2d March, for the benefit of the Southern Relief Association, at Wallack's. \* \* \* "La Famille Benoîton" (the original of the "Fast Family") has remained the feature at the Theatre Francais, and produced a sensation. \* \* \* At the New York Circus the "Sprite of the Silver Shower," and "Blind Man's Buff on Horseback" have remained the leading attractions. \* \* \* "Proteus," a sort of man who seems to be here, there, everywhere, and nowhere, is Mr. Hartz's last sensation, thus far, at Dodworth's. \* \* \* The Sunday Concerts continue popular at Steinway Hall, and Madame Parepa appeared at that of Sunday evening the 3d. \* \* \* Mr. Carl Wolfsohn gave his Ninth Beethoven Matinee on Friday 1st March, at Steinway's Rooms. \* \* \* Mr. Jerome Hopkins's Fifth Concert for the Orphan Fund took place at Steinway Hall on Thursday afternoon last, Miss Annie Kemp (from Niblo's) leading the vocal force on that occasion. \* \* \* The Seventh Regiment gave a grand complimentary Concert to Mr. C. H. Grafal, their band-leader, at the Armory on Saturday evening the 2d. \* \* \* The Circle Francais de l'Harmonie, a French musical association of merit, gave a grand dress and Masque Ball at Irving Hall on Tuesday evening the 5th March, to general approbation. \* \* \* The grand annual Masque Ball of the Leiderkranz is to be held at the Academy of Music on Thursday evening March 21st, and that of the Arion at the same place on Wednesday evening March 27th. \* \* \* Mr. L. F. Harrison has concluded an arrangement with the New York Harmonie Society to give a series of Oratorios, with Madame Parepa. The first of the series, "The Messiah," was given on Wednesday at Steinway Hall, to one of the largest audiences ever assembled in that place. The Harmonie Society assembled a force on this occasion of about 200 voices, in connection with a fine orchestra of about thirty-five performers under the direction of Mr. Ritter, the conductor of the Society. The Oratorios of "Samson" and "Judas Maccabaeus" will be the next in the series, and no doubt will be rendered with the same precision and care which were so satisfactory to the audience at the rendering of the "Messiah."

#### ART GOSSIP.

The four colossal lions modeled by Sir Edwin Landseer, and lately hoisted into their places at the base of the Nelson column in Trafalgar Square, are furnishing the critics with abundant material for comment. By some of these the great artist is accused of poverty in the composition of his wild beasts, all of which have their fore-legs stretched out in the same position. The expression of the leonine face, however, is generally allowed to be truthful and characteristic. A writer in one of the leading London weeklies takes Sir Edwin to task for presumptuousness in essaying the art of the sculptor—all which, on the square principle that "life is short," seems to be a fair view of the case. In art, more particularly perhaps than in any other pursuit, specialty is essential to great success, and the artist who departs from his chosen path to wander in ways that are strange to him is apt to run his head against some obstacle not easy to surmount—such as the Nelson Column, for instance.

We have lately seen in Snedecor's gallery a large and very effective landscape painted by James Hart. The sky is stormy, and there is a heavy ripple upon the waters of a mountain lake in a wild woodland district. The motion of the water is rendered with great truth, and there is a very poetical sentiment of savage nature over the whole scene.

In the same gallery there is now on view a large picture by S. Colman, the materials of which, as we suppose, were supplied by the prolific Hudson. The sky is painted with great force, and the composition generally, including a large group of river craft in the centre of the picture, is exceedingly natural and picturesque.

There is also in Snedecor's another large landscape by the same artist. The subject is of a pastoral character, and summer is the time chosen for representation. The missing of the heavy foliage throughout the picture is very well managed, and there is a dreamy feeling of repose pervading it that is very charming.

A small picture of a rainbow among the highlands of the Hudson, by J. F. Weir, in the same gallery, is very brilliant and effective. Mr. Weir essays a wide range of subjects, and he is not less successful in landscape, we think, than in the more ambitious figure pieces that are often to be found upon his easel.

A landscape of Alpine scenery, by Gignoux—the same, we think, painted for him by the Crosby Art Association—is now on view at Goupil's gallery.

A. W. Warren has in his studio many admirable studies of South American character and interiors, some of which he is now elaborating into finished pictures.

#### BOOK NOTICES.

##### RECORDS OF FIVE YEARS. By GRACE GREENWOOD. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

Much of this volume was written during the war, and events are treated of in a way that shows the authoress felt strongly, and for the most part judged rightly. Her description of camp life in Virginia will be read with much interest; as will also an account of her visit to "A Grand Model Prison conducted on the Solitary System," and "Pictures of Town and Country," written in days of peace.

##### WOODBURN GRANGE. By WILLIAM HOWITT. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.

The story is not without interest, though the narrative is natural and probable, and entirely free from the sensational. The chief charm of the work lies in its truthful and minute pictures of English country life, of which the authoress has been a life-long observer.

##### THE TENT ON THE BEACH, AND OTHER POEMS. By JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

The "Tent on the Beach" occupies the greater part of this charming little volume. It consists of a number of poems, supposed to be read to a party of rest-seekers on a New England sea-shore in midsummer.

##### THE ART JOURNAL. New York: Virtue & York, No. 12 Doy street.

The steel engravings in the February number are "James II. Receiving News of the Landing of the Prince of Orange," from a picture by E. M. Ward; "Elaine," drawn by Gustave Doré; and "The Era," from a picture by H. Le Jeune.

##### NEW BOOKS RECEIVED.

##### DARBYL GAP; OR, WHETHER IT PAID. By VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND. Boston: William V. Spencer.

##### OUR MUTUAL FRIEND. By CHARLES DICKENS. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.

##### A ROSARY FOR LENT; OR, DEVOTIONAL READINGS. By the Author of "Rutledge." New York: G. W. Carleton & Co.

##### THE LAST WARNING CRY. By the REV. JOHN CUMMING. New York: G. W. Carleton & Co.

#### EPITOME OF THE WEEK.

##### Domestic.

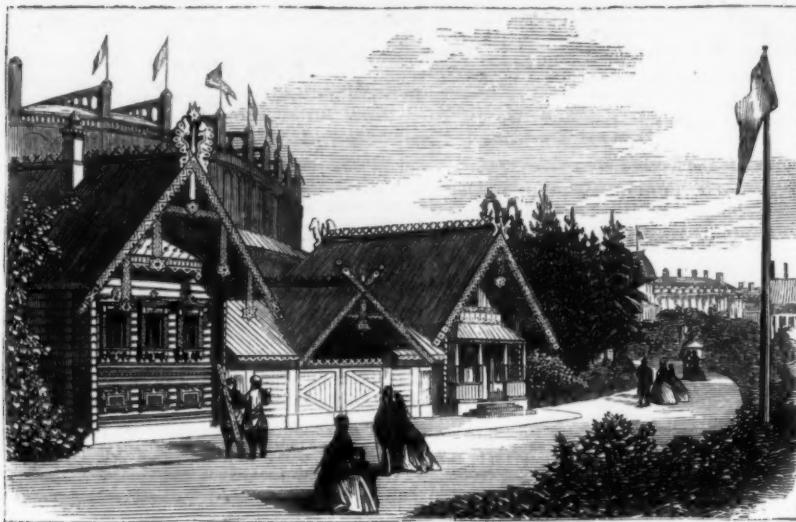
"Yankee Doodle" has been discovered to be an old Basque tune, common among the natives of Spain, probably for years before the discovery of America. At least it is so stated in the Post by Mr. Bryant, who is now traveling in Spain.

The advantages of a protective system are curiously illustrated by a correspondent in a Louisville paper, who complaining of the high price of clothes, suggests going to England to get them. The cost of what he wants is \$324, and by going over and buying them in England he can pay for his trip and have \$80 left to spend while there. The account can easily be made, and showed to be exact enough. The singular thing is that he should complain of such a state of things. Does he not see that the system of protection benefits him directly, since it adds a trip to Europe to every suit of clothes he buys? The only trouble is that if such a course becomes universal the exodus from this side will have to be exported to find customers.

The result of the resolution by Congress asking for the correspondence between the Department of State and our foreign representatives has disclosed such a wide-spread and continuous use of the meanest system of espionage, that the question naturally arises whether, as this is a representative government, the manliness of the people is represented by those now holding the offices. It is a further subject of regret that, among all our foreign representatives, Mr. Motley alone resigned his post with indignation at being subjected to such treatment.

Mr. J. W. Farmer, of 47 Ludlow street, in this city, whose philanthropy is always leading him to do such eccentric things as feeding the poor gratis with excellent soup, distributing tobacco to the soldiers of the army when they had none provided for them, opening free lodging-houses for the homeless when the winter is at its severest, and other schemes of the same timely nature, now advertises that his hall is at the free disposal of persons who desire a place for meeting to discuss schemes of co-operation. Also, that a supply of soap and other appliances for the

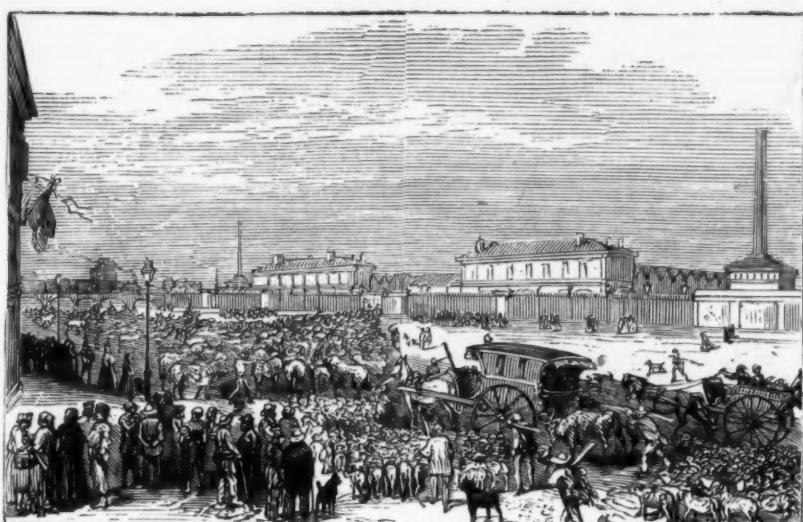
## The Pictorial Spirit of the European Illustrated Press.



MODEL OF A RUSSIAN HOUSE AT THE PARIS EXPOSITION.

## PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE EUROPEAN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

An Isbah, or Model Russian House, in the Grounds of the Great Exposition, Paris. An Isbah is a peasant's house. This sample is com-



THE NEW ABATTOIRS, PARIS.

receive that above. The first story is a stable and cow-house. The next is a dwelling-house. In a corner is placed an immense stove of porcelain, serving as an oven also. The stairway is outside. Joined to this building is an open court used for keeping the carriages and carts. Then comes a small house without a stable,

modernized. During the exhibition the house will be occupied and the stables stocked.

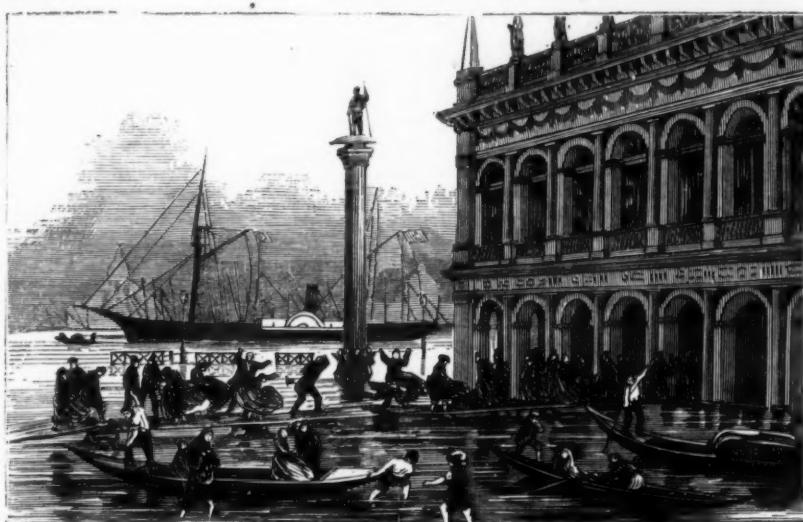
**Khania, a Seaport in the Isle of Crete.** Khania is a fortified town and the chief seaport in Crete, the seat of the present rebellion, which may re-

though it will always be a spot of the greatest interest to classical scholars.

**Gathering the Ice Crop upon the Lake in the Bois de Boulogne, Paris.** The use of ice is a great luxury in Paris, and the



VIEW OF THE PORT OF KANIA, ISLE OF CRETE.



INUNDATION AT VENICE.

posed of three parts grouped together. First is the main building, built of red fir. The walls are formed

which is used as a sort of parlor, with a portico in front. No nails or screws are used in constructing the

suit in ending the presence of the Turks in Europe. The island of Crete was, during the times of antiquity, sufficient ice does not form to make its collection pos-



GATHERING ICE AT THE BOIS DE BOULOGNE, PARIS.



THE POULTRY MARKET OF VENICE, ITALY.

of the trunks with the bark peeled off, and squared building. The building is much ornamented. The with an ax. The lower side of each log is cut away to

style is an application of the Russian style somewhat

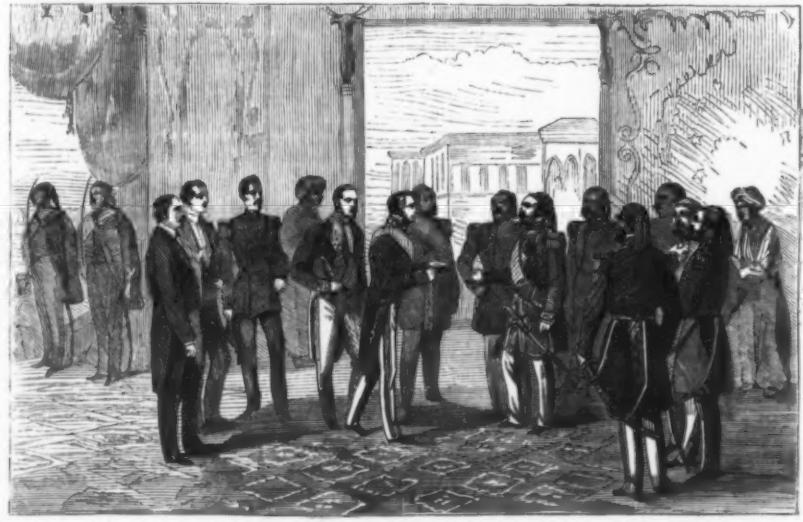
a most flourishing and rich island. Under the Moslem

sible. This year, however, the unusual coldness of the

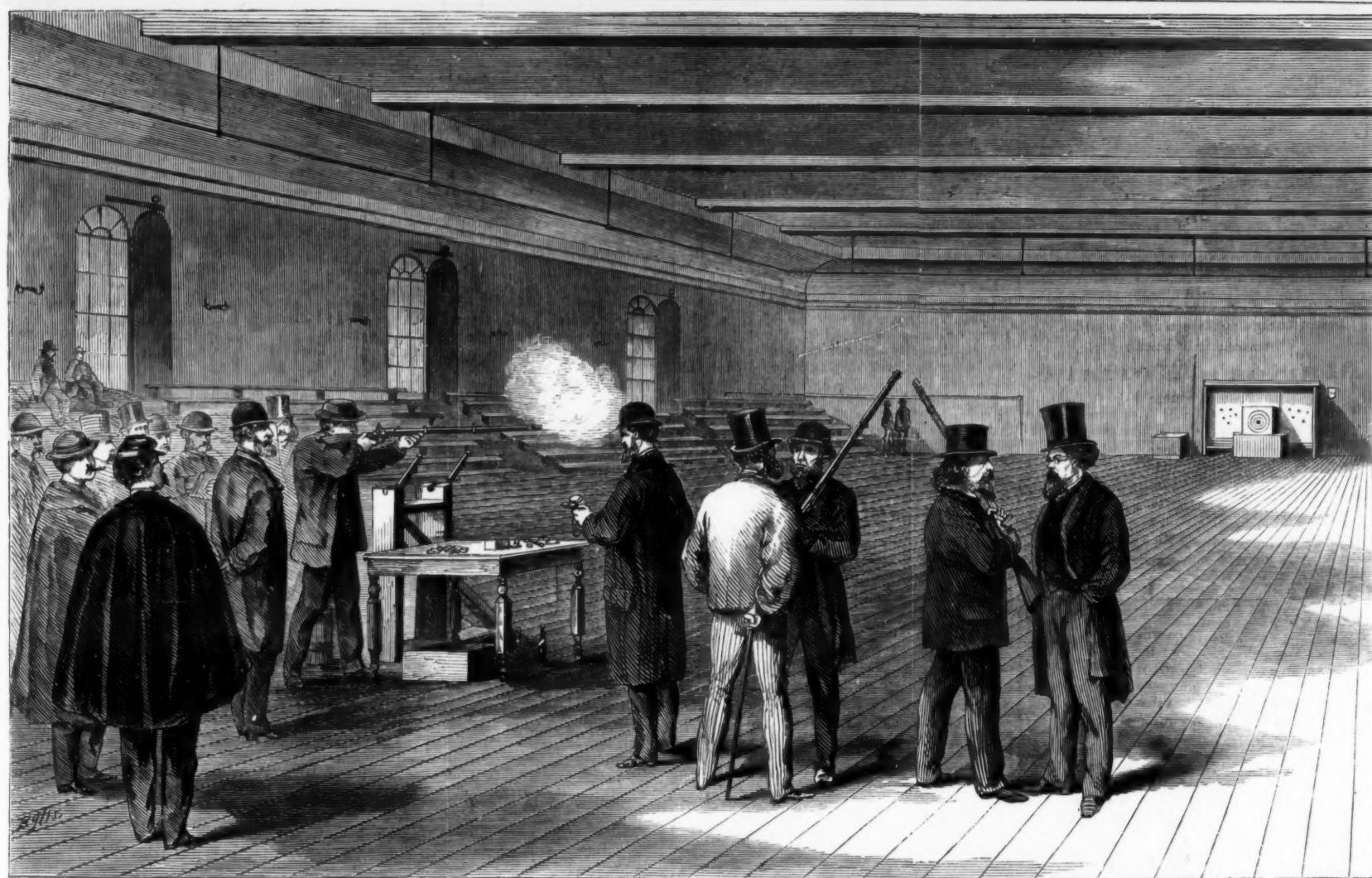
rule it has, however, diminished greatly in importance, winter has offered the opportunity, and our illustration



DESTRUCTION OF BOATS AT THE PONT MARIE, PARIS.



RECEPTION OF THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF THE DUTCH NETHERLANDS BY THE VICEROY OF EGYPT AT THE PALACE OF ESBEKIYEH, CAIRO.



TRIAL OF BREACH-LOADING FIRE ARMS, AT THE CITY ARSENAL, CORNER OF THIRTY-FIFTH STREET AND SEVENTH AVENUE, N. Y.

shows how the French have taken advantage of it. The cakes are not nearly as thick as we have them here, but by careful packing they may be kept until the warm season makes their value such as will repay the outlay and expense.

mation which make the markets of the old world such pleasant places of resort.

**Reception of the Governor-General of the Netherland Indies by the Viceroy of Egypt, in the Palace of Esbeykiyah, in Cairo, Egypt.**

Holland governs Java and other isles in the East, which are under her rule by a Governor-General. This officer generally remains in office four or five years. The present incumbent is M. Myer, who has under his control a population of about twenty-five millions. The King of Holland, William III, ordered M. Myer to bestow solemnly from him the grand *cordon* of the Order of the Netherland Lion upon the Viceroy of Egypt. This is the first civil order in Holland, and the King offered it to Ismael Pasha in recognition of the protection he had afforded to the subjects of Holland resident in Egypt. The Viceroy received the Governor-General with all the honors due to his rank, in the presence of the seven most important personages of his court. The ceremony took place in the palace of Esbeykiyah, with the usual pomp. The Viceroy expressed his satisfaction at the King's attention, and, in order to show it the more, ordered the pipes of honor to be brought. The Viceroy smoked the first whiff, and immediately his courtiers imitated him. The strangers responded to this new kind of toast, and had the right to smoke in the presence of the Viceroy during the rest of the visit.

**Freshet on the Seine—The Boats Stationed at the Bridge St. Louis Dashed Against the Bridge Marie, Paris, France.**

The enormous quantity of charcoal burned in Paris gives employment to numerous large flat-boats, which float down the stream and tie up along the quays until their load of coal is sold. The rise of the river, recently carried down a fleet of these vessels, which dashed against the arches of the bridge Marie, where six of them were sunk, and many others injured. The charcoal floated away down the stream, and from the bridge Louis Philippe to Passy the banks were lined for days afterward, with persons fishing for it with nets.

**The New Abattoirs, Built at Villette, Near Paris.**

These new abattoirs for Paris are vast in extent, and will comprise, when completed, sixty-four pavilions. They are built of stone and brick, and are arranged like a fan. They contain houses for keeping the animals until they are slaughtered, and every appliance for the strictest cleanliness.

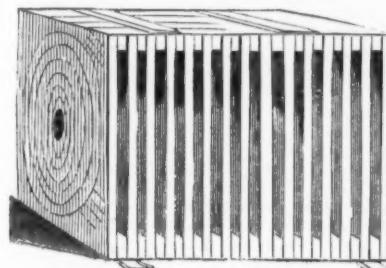
**The Inundation at Venice.**

The strong winds across the Adriatic, joined with the full tides, have inundated Venice, so that the Place St. Mark represented the following curious scene. Though Venice is the city of gondolas, yet, the annoyance of having the little walking space covered with water was the greater from its rarity. The view shows an extemporaneous bridge leading from the bridge Puglia to the new law buildings. The violence of the wind was the cause of Venice, the city of the sea, confessing for once that she had too much water in her streets.

**The Poultry Market at Venice, Italy.**

This illustration of the poultry market at Venice shows the variety of the costume and scenes of ani-

Colonel S. W. Burt, to examine, test and decide which is the best of the breech-loading guns. The trial took place in the State Arsenal at the corner of Thirty-fifth Street and Seventh Avenue, N. Y. The first shows the manner of testing the rapidity and accuracy of the firing: the various guns

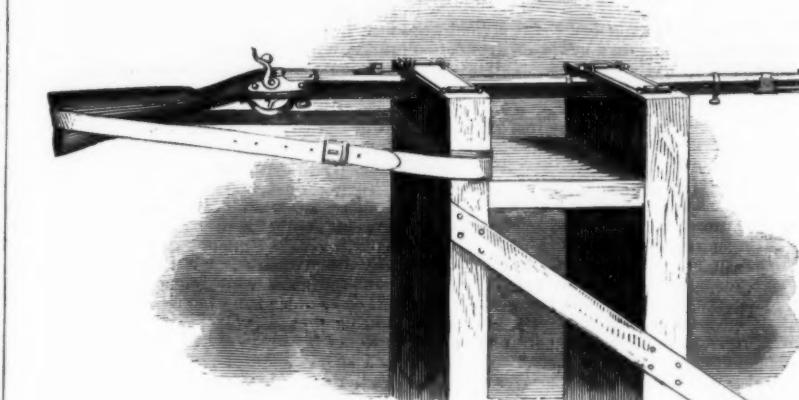


FIFTEEN-INCH TARGET FOR TESTING THE PENE-TRATIVE POWERS OF THE BREECH-LOADERS.

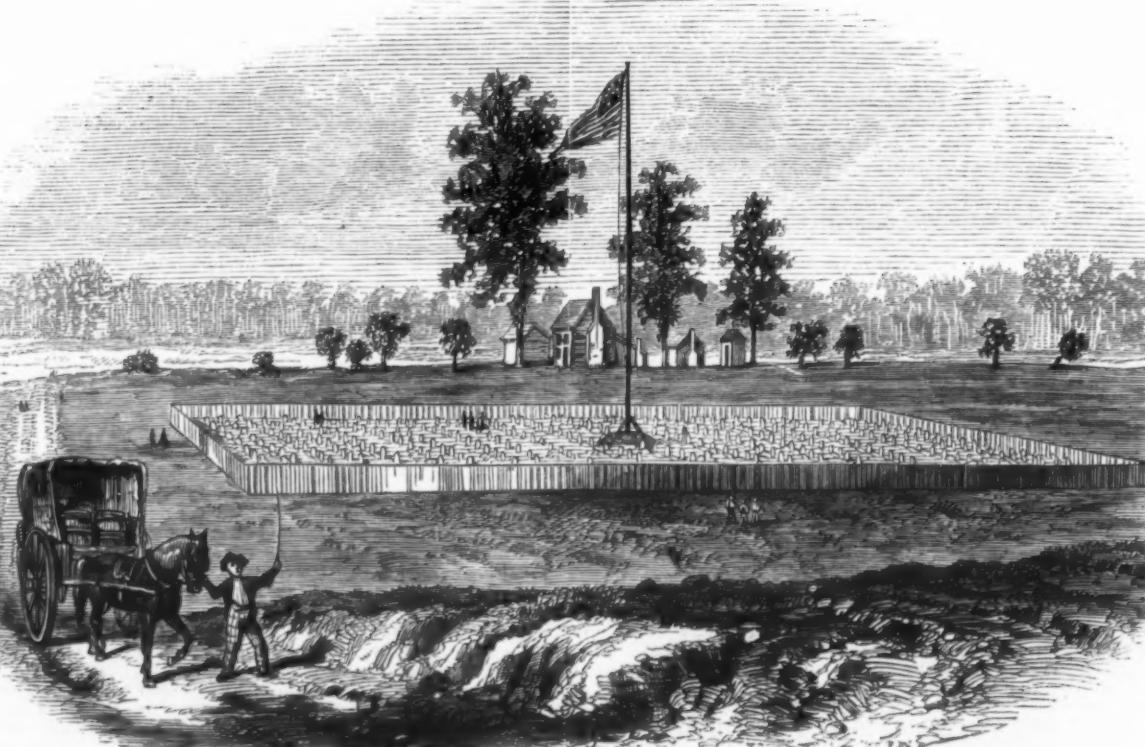
**TRIAL OF BREECH-LOADERS.**

In these days of breech-loaders it will not do for the militia of the State to retain the old-fashioned style of fire-arm, and therefore the State appointed as a Committee Brigadier-General G. W. Palmer, Brigadier-General W. J. Ward, Colonel G. M. Baker, and

illustrations showing the manner in which the trial was made. The first shows the manner of testing the rapidity and accuracy of the firing: the various guns



STRAIPPING MACHINE FOR TESTING THE ARMS.



UNION CEMETERY AT SEVEN PINES, VA.—FROM A SKETCH BY JAMES E. TAYLOR.—SEE PAGE 407.

street and Seventh Avenue. At the trial the inventors could be fired from nine to fifteen times a minute, and of the different guns were present, and we give three while with some of them every shot hit the target, the average was nine shots out of every twelve. The second illustration shows the target to test the penetrating force of the ball. It consists of fifteen inches of plank, each plank separated from the next by an inch. The Berdan gun drove a ball through them all. The distance at which the target stood was one hundred feet. The third illustration shows the arrangement in which the guns are strapped to test their strength. The guns are fired ninety-nine times, as quickly as possible, without cleaning, and become so hot that they cannot be handled. After the ninety-nine shots, a double charge was put in, and if the gun stood this without bursting, it was considered fit for use in the army. The final test was the sand test. The entire stock of the gun was covered with sand, and the operator had to clean it off with his hand, as he would in an engagement, without having it interfere with the action of the machinery. All the guns tried stood this test. The committee has as yet made no report.

Be always at leisure to do a good action, never make business an excuse for avoiding offices of humanity.

TO EDWIN BOOTH,  
(ON WITNESSING HIS PERFORMANCE OF HAMLET.)

BY FLOYD GAY.

To seize the airy spirit of a mind  
That only Shakespeare's genius could create,  
And with such skill the tangled thread unwind,  
Thou dost become the Dane, not imitate;  
To bring his frenzy, perturbations, fears  
And weary struggles with the shafts of fate  
Fresh to our hearts, through the long lapse of  
years,  
Are power and art and glory passing great.  
The laurel wreath that decorates thy brow  
Doth daily brighten, and the voice of Fame,  
Which murmurs low in admiration now,  
Will cherish and immortalize thy name,  
That, linked with Hamlet, shall to future days  
Descend in triumph with a nation's praise.

## Marion's Fortune.

He has talents which will be of benefit to the world if he is not obliged to fritter them away in the struggle for bread, and more than that, he is an old friend—the lawyer fancied there was a slight quiver of the lips at the words—"and did me a service once, which I would like to repay. But I cannot go to him and say, 'I have abundance, and you have nothing—let me divide with you,' he could not be induced to accept one cent, however delicately it might be managed, and I see but one way to effect it."

"Then you have a plan formed?"

"Yes; it must go to him as a debt, one due his father, who I know died almost before his remembrance, and which the debtor has heretofore been unable to repay."

"I understand—an imaginary debtor—a Mr. Martin, for instance; a failure, and now a sudden accession of fortune, etc."

"Yes, that will do. It will be necessary to advertise for him, as, should you write him directly, he would perhaps wonder why our Mr. Martin employed an agent."

"Certainly; I will have him write or call on me to learn something greatly to his advantage, and when he comes, I trust I shall find no trouble with the rôle assigned me."

A smile broke over her face.

"I am not afraid to trust Mr. Philips with his part. The debt, you know, principal and interest, will amount to ten thousand dollars. I will send you a check for the money to-morrow, and I have a few other matters, which I wish to put into your hands for settlement when convenient."

"I will be ready at any time you choose, Miss Allen."

"Thank you. Then some time next week, perhaps."

She stood up, drawing her shawl around her shoulders, speaking with a shade of irresolution in her voice.

"If you could find out his intentions for the future, I should be glad to be informed."

"It will be very easy to gratify you. Mr. Martin will naturally take an interest in the affairs of the son of his old friend."

She bowed her thanks without speaking—the deceitful part she was playing seemed choking her. She turned to the door and laid her hand on the latch, when his voice arrested her.

"What kind of a man is this Gorham Bourne?"

There was no hesitation in her voice now.

"A man of talent, as I said; young, but with a first-class education, obtained solely through his own efforts, and you know the perseverance and stability of character that requires."

"And you think that when he leaves college he will take law as his profession."

"That was his intention—once at least."

He thought a moment.

"Then, perhaps, if we are pleased with each other, I will engage him to read with me."

A light flashed over her face, and the hand on the table trembled.

"I am sure he will gladly embrace the opportunity of studying with a lawyer so favorably known as Mr. Philips, and I am equally confident you will never be ashamed of your pupil."

"Thank you for my share of the compliment, Miss Allen, and I shall not hesitate about him, since he has your recommend."

Her face was crimson now. She raised the latch and then dropped it.

"If he comes, Mr. Philips, I do not wish you to mention my name to him—even as your client—if it can be avoided. This makes it necessary to tell you that for a long time past there has been unfriendly relations between myself and Mr. Bourne."

Before he could recover from his surprise she had vanished. Of this Marion Allen he knew but little; only that lately she had come into an immense fortune—believed she had been poor before; that she had no near relatives save her mother, and was a lady of education and refinement. This last he had found out when, a few weeks before, she had employed him as agent in purchasing a place for her at the further end of the large town in which he lived.

He had wondered then what this girl, hardly twenty-one, could be made of, that she preferred to bury herself in that old stone house by the sea, to seeking the gay, fashionable circles to which her wealth and education would give her ready admittance. Her face, to which his eyes were drawn again and again, did not help him any. Not beautiful, and far from pretty, she was certainly attractive. Her cheeks lacked color, and the heavy braids of black hair gave an effect of paleness to the pure complexion; but her nose and mouth were well shaped, and her eyes, large and dark, though never brilliant, were always searching and always unsearchable.

He had seen her but few times since, till this morning, when she had come to him for assistance in her plan of giving this money to Gorham Bourne without his having any knowledge that it

came from her. This was all plain enough till the last. It seemed natural that out of her great wealth she should wish to assist an old friend who would be too proud to take it from her, and hence this harmless deceit. But why she should wish to benefit that man, who, by her own confession, was at enmity with her, was a puzzle.

At first he thought there had been some love-dream between them which she still remembered tenderly; then remembering the *hauteur* of her words, and the proud lift of the head which had accompanied them, almost concluded it was the opposite feeling which actuated her, and that she wished a power in her hands by which she could some time humiliate him with the knowledge that he owed his future to a woman he hated.

He was wrong; there had never been hate between them; if there was love, it had been unspoken. Three years before had blossomed and faded the romance of her life. She was teacher in the primary department of a large seminary part of the day, and carrying on her studies the other part.

It was one of the many where the sexes are educated together, and Gorham Bourne was in her class in German. An introduction, a translation of a difficult sentence, and the acquaintance was begun. No need to tell how it progressed; unavoidable meetings to and from classes, calls when the arbitrary rules allowed, a moonlight walk from church, and friendship was reached.

Both were too world-wise to allow words to go further, if thoughts did. He was fitting for college, she to obtain a position that would enable her to repay her mother's sacrifices for her education. They parted with promises of life-long remembrance, and frequent letters were to be the links in the chain of friendship which was to reach from their parting to their meeting. Suddenly correspondence ceased. There had been some strange sentences about the mutability of human feeling and sentiment, a sudden blank, a few sharp words, and it was over.

Then Marion Allen knew what this friendship had been to her; knew that all unconsciously she had drifted over into the dreamland beyond. To add to the bitterness of this knowledge was the humiliating thought that this feeling had perhaps colored her letters, and becoming apparent to him, had left him no resource but to withdraw from the correspondence entirely. She destroyed his letters, reading them one by one, and laid them on the glowing coals with much the same feeling that she would have seen a coffin-lid closed over his face. But through it all she had no blame for him; he had given all he promised; if she had given more, it was her own fault, and brought its punishment with it.

During the next two and a half years she heard of him two or three times, and always favorably; if he ever heard of her, it was the same, for she had a good position as teacher, with a salary that, with her simple wishes, made her almost independent, and she was both respected and admired; indeed it was generally well-known that during that time she had refused more than one eligible opportunity of being well settled. Her experience had changed her a little. She had less faith in human nature, less trust in herself, and a shade more of reserve was added to her character.

Then came this fortune. Her father's only brother—supposed dead long before—returned from his South American speculation to really die, and left his wealth to her. Her first thought was of Gorham Bourne. "If they were only friends now"—then she suddenly stopped; but through all the cares which filled her mind came the ever-recurring thought, "If one little wave from the ocean of her prosperity could be wafted to him!" and at last she had formed the plan which Mr. Philips was to help her carry out. There was no danger of detection; of course he had forgotten her long before this, and unless this news of her heirship reached him, probably would never hear of her again, for a sudden and great affliction had come upon her, which doomed her, for she knew not how long, to the old gray house, where she could have the quiet and freedom from the excitement of society and travel which was deemed indispensable for her, and this affliction she went home from her interview with Mr. Philips to meet in its sharpest form.

She went to her room and removed her wraps with all the quiet feeling which she had cultivated so long completely broken up. I was pleasant to think that she, all unknown to him, could cancel the long years of toil which otherwise lay before him, and beyond this she had no expectation till the lawyer's last words. If he came there to stay she might some time meet him. With the thought came a wild desire to look once more upon his face that could not be quelled. This man, disguise the fact as she might, was dearer to her than all the world beside, and her few weeks' acquaintance with him seemed the one oasis in the desert of her life.

When she went down to the drawing-room a gentleman arose to greet her—a man with a cordial, intelligent face, and keen, penetrating eyes. She held out her hand.

"I am glad to see you, Dr. Steele. I did not expect you so soon."

"I was fortunately enabled to get away one day sooner than I had hoped; but although you say you are glad to see me, I believe you are half frightened by your looks," he said, laughingly.

"Not at all. I have become quite accustomed to seeing you, but I dread what you may be obliged to tell me."

"I see how it is; you are tired of the dullness to which I have condemned you, and you want a reversion of the sentence; but I warn you, if you do leave, I shall immediately come down and take possession," he went on banteringly, "for I think you have one of the most beautiful places I ever saw. What if the house is old and gray, and the grounds laid out after the style of years ago? it only makes it more home-like; but I suppose you, like all other young people, are crazy to spend a winter in St. Petersburg, a summer in the Desert

of Sahara, and a day on the top of the Pyramids. She laughed gayly at his good-humored raillery.

"You make woeful mistakes to-day, sir. Nothing short of Italy will tempt me to leave long at a time a home where I have everything arranged to my liking as I have here."

"Italy, eh? Well, we will see what prospect you have of getting there this year. How are the eyes to-day?"

Her face sobered instantly as the old dread which she had for a moment forgotten came back.

"About as usual; painful only at times, but so weak and with such a strongly tired sort of feeling."

He began the examination, seeing the truth at once, but asking a few useless questions as the preliminary to the painful disclosure. Finally he stood silent by her side, for really possessing that troublesome article called a heart, he hardly knew how to begin the words which were to mark a lifetime.

"Well!" He saw the sickly whiteness of disappointed hope gather about her mouth, as she looked up to his grave face, waiting for his decision.

"There is no hope," he said, gently. "It is even worse than we thought; you will be blind."

"Blind! oh, my poor child!"

Her mother's arms were around her, and her warm tears fell like rain upon her face.

"Don't, mother, don't!" she gasped; "wait till I can understand it."

"Alas! it was too easily understood, thought it had never been anticipated by her, only thought of with a vague dread, and the sudden transition from hope to despair almost overwhelmed her. After a while, struggling into composure, she asked:

"How long, doctor, will I be able to see?"

"Perhaps a year, probably six months, and certainly three or four," he answered.

And after that short time, utter darkness! She passed her hand before her eyes with the gesture that of late had become habitual to her, thinking bitterly that he might have said days or hours as well, if it had got to come.

"Of course you will consult other oculists; do not take my opinion as infallible," he could not forbear saying, though well knowing no hope could be given.

"There is no need," she said, drearily; "there are none to whose judgment I could appeal from yours."

So Dr. Steele went away musing on the caprice of fortune, which with one hand showered upon her all the blessings of life that wealth could purchase, and with the other destroyed her ability to enjoy them.

The advertisement was duly written, published and answered in person by Mr. Gorham Bourne; and the next day a note from Mr. Philips to Miss Allen informed her that a month from that time Mr. Bourne was to begin studying with him. One month! She had placed the limit of her sight at three months, as Dr. Steele had also mentally done, even while giving her a longer time. One month was gone, another before he would come, and there would be one left in which to see him once. She could not go into that darkness without one more look at his face.

All her actions and plans now were made with reference to that event; all her favorite pursuits were regularly gone through with. She sketched a little each day, practiced her music as earnestly, if not as steadily, as when first taking lessons, and read, or used her needle the few minutes she was able to. Then she learned fancy knitting, which might some time beguile long hours of dullness; and once her mother's tears fell fast as she saw her coming down the broad stairs with closed eyes, practicing.

Every day when the weather permitted, accompanied by her mother, she took a long walk, generally choosing the road that led to the sea-shore, where, sitting behind some sheltering rocks, she drank in the sadly sublime picture of the ever-rolling waves, the far-stretching sandy beach, and, dimly defined against the distant horizon, the tall cliffs. But most of all, she would lie or sit for hours gazing upon her mother's face with passionate yearning, to so impress it upon her inner vision that a lifetime of darkness would have no power to erase or dim one feature.

Gorham Bourne was with Mr. Philips at last. One of those men not easy to be described, whom at first sight you would pronounce very ordinary, but who, seen again and again, would, from his own innate powers, impress you with a respect and admiration which mere beauty can never command. Sitting at his desk, deep in the pages of a law-book, you would see only the practical, ambitious side of his nature; go to his rooms and you might find the poetical. Marion's thousands had allowed him to gratify his tastes in his surroundings, and in their arrangement he showed both cultivation and refinement. Carpets of rich mossy green covered his floors, bordering of the same emerald shade was placed on wallpaper of pale drab, crossed with lines of gold, and the easy-chairs and lounges had cushions of green with golden tassels. A few delicate engravings and ideal heads, such as would bear long study from lovers of the beautiful, adorned his walls, and the breast-high book-cases, each side of the fireplace, were filled with books, the best works of the best writers, many of which, in well-worn bindings, had they possessed the power of speech, would have told tales of close economy, privations and struggles gone through to procure them; and the remembrances of these very struggles only made them dearer to their owner, as he cheerfully reflected that such struggles were over. He was very grateful to the Mr. Martin who possessed so nice a sense of honor as to pay so large a debt to one who had never known of its existence. If he had known he was indebted that much to Marion Allen it would be a very different matter.

He thought of her sometimes; often in the long evenings he had suddenly roused to the knowledge that the book he was holding was entirely unread, while he had been lost in vague dreams, partly memory, partly hope, in which her face had been the guiding inspiration, and with a strange feeling of heart-sickness for which he did not choose to account, remember that all foundations which might ever have existed for such dreams were long since gone. Had he known she was living in the same town, that his daily walks to and from the office led him within one street of her residence, the dream might not have been so easily banished.

One evening there was to be a scientific lecture by a distinguished lecturer, whose productions were always favorably received, and this one in particular had been universally approved wherever read. Dr. Steele was down for a day, and insisted that Marion should go.

"We will go early and secure seats where the light will not hurt your eyes, and the variety is just what you need; you are getting morbid here, and that I cannot allow," he urged.

"But everybody will be there, and it will be so crowded," her mother answered, anxiously.

That if everybody was there, Gorham Bourne must be one, was the reason that induced Marion to give her consent to go.

They went early; but, unlike others who were first to arrive, selected back seats, in a shaded corner, out of the range of the flashing gaslights. Here, unobserved by others, Marion could watch every arrival, waiting for the one she came to see. The house was getting well filled, and the lecturer already on the platform, when Mr. Philips came in, closely followed by Gorham Bourne. For an instant it seemed that the pulsations of her heart had ceased as she looked at his face, so little changed since she saw it last. The same clear eyes, the broad forehead with the brown hair flung carelessly back, the firm mouth and chin. Perhaps the three years had given him added dignity and gravity, but that it had not changed his main characteristics she felt assured. Every one else, even her mother, for once relaxing her watchfulness, was engrossed in the lecture, but she was living over again those few bright autumn weeks. Every incident, however trifling, the gift of a flower, the loan of a book, each word and smile, as by an enchanter's wand, was brought forth from her memory. The bright, beautiful days, swallowed up in the relentless Past, and the Future holding no counterparts for them. And this was the meeting they had talked of and planned with such pleasurable anticipation: she, with her dimmed, failing sight and desolate future; he, with his whole mind absorbed in the eloquent sentences to which he was listening, and with no more consciousness of her presence than as if she had never existed; and between them a gulf never to be crossed.

It was over at last. The last sentence had been uttered, and the crowd began to move toward the doors. Marion rose, dropped her heavy veil over her face, and took the doctor's offered arm as they passed out into the aisle. As they reached the outer door the fringe of her shawl caught on the knob, and she was obliged to use both hands for a moment to disengage it. As she reached for his arm again, she did not notice the step before her, and stumbled, but was saved from falling by a strong arm thrown around her, and with a "Permit me, this gentleman is your escort, I think," she was almost lifted to Dr. Steele's side. Before she could form her thanks into words, with a slight bow he was gone, but not before, with a thrill of pleasure akin to pain, she had recognized Gorham Bourne. Their carriage was near, and as she was assisted in she looked back. He was standing at the end of the platform, turned suddenly, and walked directly that way. Then the carriage started, and he was lost to sight in the crowd.

Through her thick veil he had not recognized her; but for the moment he was at her side her form had seemed familiar, and catching another glimpse of her as she stepped toward the carriage, this impression had so deepened that he made that sudden start forward, with the vague idea of satisfying himself as to her identity. The starting of the carriage brought him to his senses, and he resumed his homeward walk.

"What if it was Marion Allen? He had assisted her, and she had received his assistance with probably, in thought, a knowledge that it was him, but that was no reason why he should commit the insane piece of folly that he was about to do. But it was equally unreasonable," he went on, "to think that it was her. A strange idea that she, with all the advantages her wealth would bring her, was dwelling in that dull old town. No," was his bitter reflection, as he reached his room, and turned up the sparkling gas, "she was playing the rôle of fashionable lady somewhere, with her sweet face and innocent ways, alluring hearts as she had allure him, only to turn and trample upon them, as she had attempted to do. But for that once, at least, she had failed. What pangs he had suffered were long since over; no coquette could ever gain hold enough upon his heart to cause him to suffer deeply."

Yet—strange contradiction!—with the words fresh on his lips, he turned to his cabinet, and from a drawer of treasured mementoes took a little brown kid glove, creased and stained with wear, and holding it in one hand, stroked it softly with the other, murmuring, with unspeakable tenderness in his voice:

"Dear little Marion, if we could only be set back these three years—these three long years!"

Marion's repressed excitement of that evening brought its punishment. For a few days she was hardly able to leave her room, and when her strength began to return the catastrophe came. She was lying awake one morning, when she heard her mother, whose apartment communicated with hers, moving around, and called:

"Mother, why are you getting up so early?"

"Sunrise, mother! Oh, God, it is all dark to me."

She had fainted when her mother reached her; and when she recovered, a low, nervous fever supervened, which for weeks left little hope of her recovery.

When she went around the house again, though there was neither bloom on her face nor vivacity in her manner, yet the soft curves of her tender mouth, the never varying gentleness of her voice, and the renewal, as fast as strength and practice would permit, of her old habits of self-dependence, told that bitterness no longer dwelt within. In her long days of convalescence she had learned the lesson which is hardest to learn—that of resignation.

If henceforth she was to live in perpetual darkness, if she could never even go out again into the broad sunlight without her sightless eyes being shaded by her green ribbon band, and there was never more to be for her the beauty and glory of the changing year, nor rich coloring of sea or sky, no beauty of art or nature, she had found that life held at least partial equivalents for these. Her wealth would now be valued more for what it would do for others than for herself, and it would open for her avenues of interest and employment which would leave no time in which selfish repinings could arise; and once engrossed in her new-found work, she was astonished to find how much she could do with all her helplessness, and how quickly the day passed compared with those in which she waited in such terrible suspense.

In all her schemes her mother was her faithful coadjutor, her pilot through narrow lanes and up and down slippery stairs, her almoner and adviser in her many charities, and the faithful guardian of the many *protégés* she came to have. She soon learned that giving money was only one of many ways in which she could benefit those she thus came in contact with. A few kind words, a situation procured where talents could be made the most of—above all, the power to become really interested in sorrows of which experience had never taught her, she found equally potent with alms. If she found, too, that her blindness taught her lessons of patience to repining, weary hearts, and reached founts of gratitude hitherto inaccessible hid in morose natures, she was not the first one to learn that great afflictions often bring great blessings with them.

After a little, too, she managed to get the interest and assistance of Mr. Phillips, in whose hands she had placed the whole management of her affairs, and this gave him the opportunity, long desired, of becoming more intimately acquainted with her.

Mr. Phillips, as was natural for a man of his profession, was a close observer. He had seen the half recognition of Miss Allen by his pupil the night of the lecture, and, connecting his manner with hers at the interview in which he had first heard his name, he perceived at once the outline of the whole case, and this was confirmed by after observation. Marion's prohibition prevented him from mentioning her name in any way to Gorham, but once he had seen the outline of a face he had sketched in a moment of abstraction which strongly resembled hers, and the silent interest with which Marion received all remarks concerning him convinced the lawyer that there was only some misunderstanding between them, which a little friendly interference would remove.

With this idea he gave some papers of hers to Gorham to make out, a duty he had generally performed himself. Gorham read her name with a shock of joy, wondering if she was so near him, then became vexed at himself for the absurdity of the thought, as if there could not be two Marion Allens in the wide world. But his desire to know the truth or falsity of his conjectures was not to be so silenced, and as Mr. Phillips had hoped, he took a direct way to satisfy himself.

"Marion Allen," he said, as he laid the papers down. "I had a friend of that name."

"This lady is blind," said the lawyer, briefly, without raising his eyes.

"Then she is not the lady I know," returned Gorham. Was the sigh which accompanied his words one of relief or disappointment?

"She has not been blind very long, so perhaps she is," said Mr. Phillips. "But if not, you ought to know her, Bourne," he went on, warmly. "One of the few angels on this earth, doing more good with all her blindness, than all the charitable societies of the town together; refined, and pure, and delicate as a lady."

Gorham's mind was made up. If this blind girl was really *his* Marion—and he thought of her as his, with a depth of tenderness he had never felt before—then he would go to her and say the words which had trembled on his lips so long ago, but which he had not dared to utter. If he could only care for her now when she needed the care of a true heart, it would be the highest happiness earth could afford him.

These thoughts occupied but a moment, then he asked :

"Has she lived here long?"

"Only about a year, and I knew but little about her before she came here. She lived at one time in Milton, I think, taught in the seminary there, and was first assistant at the time her uncle left her this property."

"Then she is my former friend and schoolmate. I would like to call on her, if you will give me her residence," he said, with as steady a voice as he could command.

"South street, the large gray stone house, some distance back from the street, just beyond the Atwater block," answered Mr. Phillips, turning to his books again, satisfied that he could do nothing more. If Miss Allen was displeased, he could not help it, that was all.

The splendors of the autumn day had merged into sober twilight as Gorham Bourne opened the iron gate that led into the spacious grounds of Marion Allen's home, and went up the broad walk to the door. As he neared the house, looking like some gloomy old fortress in the gray

light, he saw a form pass by one of the windows, and directly the tones of the piano fell upon his ear. No person was visible to notice his actions, so he stepped by a vine-wreathed trellis and listened. It was a symphony from Beethoven, played with the delicate touch of practiced hands. For a moment all before him faded, and he saw only a little cottage, with the moonlight shining across the broad porch, into the parlor where a sweet-faced girl sat at the old instrument, drawing those same beautiful sounds from the yellow keys, while he stood by her side, far more absorbed in the musician than the music.

Four years, and an autumn night again. The same slender fingers sweeping the keys, the same strains floating out on the still air, and the same listener, but not by her side to-night. No light as yet flashed from the windows, and then he remembered that to the player in there could never more be twilight or moonlight. He sat down in a rustic seat, covering his face with his hands, and murmuring, "I cannot see her to-night; I must wait till I am stronger."

The music ceased for a moment, then there came a rippling melody, which seemed strangely familiar, and in a moment a voice joined in with the words of an old ballad. He recognized the voice and the words. It was one of the many pieces they had so often sung together in the olden time, and he sat entranced till its close. Then lights were brought into the room, and the curtains dropped. He sprang up with a sudden revulsion of feeling, for in that momentary glance at the interior of the room, he had caught sight of a bowed figure with a pallid face turned toward the window.

He went up the steps and rang the bell.

"Will you inform Miss Allen that a gentleman desires a short interview with her, alone?" he asked of the domestic who opened the door.

"What name shall I give?"

"Say a friend—that will be sufficient."

She looked at him a moment, irresolutely, then went with the message. In a few moments she returned, and told him to follow her. They passed through the large drawing-room at the side of the hall to a door opposite, which she opened, and as he passed through, closed behind him, and he stood once more before Marion Allen.

He rose to receive him, and as externals always strike us first, he noticed the gray cashmere dress she wore, trimmed with heavy black lace, fastened at the white throat by a pearl brooch, and that a bracelet to match, her only ornaments, before he could look at her face. Then he saw how much paler and thinner was her face than the one he remembered, and that her eyes were not raised in recognition, but partially closed, and shaded with he stood once more before Marion Allen.

"Will you please take a chair," she said, quietly. "Jeanette should have given you one. Excuse my seeming uncourteousness, but perhaps you are aware that I am blind."

He did not look for a chair, but went directly toward her.

"Marion, I am aware this is an unwarrantable intrusion, but will you allow me to explain it? I will try to, so that you will not be offended."

Her eyes were fixed wildly on his face, as if they possessed the power of sight, and she clung with both hands to the back of her chair.

"Who—O God! that I could only see!" she wailed.

He stepped forward and took her hands in his.

"It is I, Marion, Gorham Bourne; you are not angry at my coming, are you? Sit down again, and let me tell you about it."

She sank into her chair.

"Is it really you, Gorham? Oh, I am not angry, but glad to have you come, if we can be friends again. There are so few who can be my friends now," she said, mournfully.

He knelt down by her chair, and passed one of her hands lightly over his face.

"You remembered my voice—can you tell my features?"

"Yes, I know you, Gorham. I always believed my old friend would come back," she answered, with the old smile hovering around her lips.

"But it is not as your friend, Marion, that I have come; that title never satisfied me, and I never dared ask for a dearer one; but now I have come to tell you that from our first acquaintance you have possessed all the love I shall ever feel for woman; and my dearest hope, the one that has shaped all my actions, even through our long estrangement, has been that some time I might reach a position I could invite you to share, and possess a home of which you would be the life and light. If I ever despaired of this, it was when I learned of your wealth, for though I knew riches would have no power to change the purity of your soul, yet I feared that in the position this would place you, where you would not fail to attract so many friends and lovers, that you would forget the insignificant person you had already become displeased with, for his presumption in even vaguely expressing such thoughts; but I resolved that if close application and untiring perseverance could accomplish an object, I would yet stand high enough in the social scale to approach you."

She put her hands to her head as if in bewilderment.

"I do not understand this, Gorham; I thought you hated me. You wrote that your feelings had changed. I do not remember it all, but I thought you were tired of our correspondence, and then—"

His face was flushed with joy.

"You mistook me entirely, Marion. I dared not tell you the whole truth, and from my very guardlessness you must have received that impression. I cannot forgive myself if it has been my folly that has separated us all this time, so utterly, that I scarcely knew whether you were living or dead, or what corner of the globe held you. It was only to-day that I learned where you were, and of your blindness, and I hastened to you to-night to implore you to accept my guidance and protection

for the rest of your life. Oh, Marion, do not tell me that you have no love for me, that all my hopes and dreams for these four long years have been in vain. Speak, Marion, and tell me that it is not so, that you have some love for me."

His passionate words, his voice tremulous with deep feeling, were appeals not to be resisted. She turned her sightless eyes toward him, and held out her hands, saying :

"I know I am blind, Gorham, and have no right to love any one, but if you wish to be burdened with me, I cannot refuse."

For answer he drew her to him, close to his heart, and holding her there, the weary waiting of the past was forgotten, and the light of the present shone far down into the future.

#### MRS. CAUDLE'S CURTAIN LECTURES.

THE TENTH LECTURE—ON MR. CAUDLE'S SHIRT-BUTTONS.

"WELL, Mr. Caudle, I hope you're in a little better temper than you were this morning? There—you needn't begin to whistle: people don't come to bed to whistle. But it's like you. I can't speak, that you don't try to insult me. Once, I used to say you were the best creature living: now, you get quite a fiend. *Do let you rest!* No, I won't let you rest. It's the only time I have to talk to you, and you *shall* hear me. I'm put upon all day long: it's very hard if I can't speak a word at night: besides, it isn't often I open my mouth, goodness knows.

"Because once in your lifetime your shirt wanted a button you must almost swear the roof off the house! *You didn't swear!* Ha, Mr. Caudle! You don't know what you do when you're in a passion. *You were not in a passion?* We're not you? Well, then, I don't know what a passion is—and I think I ought by this time. I've lived long enough with you, Mr. Caudle, to know that.

"It's a pity you haven't something worse to complain of than a button off your shirt; if you'd some wives, you would, I know. I'm sure I'm never without a needle-and-thread in my hand. What with you and the children I'm made a perfect slave of. And what's my thanks? Why, if once in your life a button off your shirt—what do you cry 'oh' at?—I say once, Mr. Caudle; or twice, or three times, at most. I'm sure, Caudle, no man's buttons in the world are better looked after than yours. I only wish I had kept the shirts you had when you were first married! I should like to know where were your buttons then?

"Yes, it is worth talking of! But that's how you always try to put me down. You fly into a rage, and then if I only try to speak you won't hear me. That's how you men always will have all the talk to yourselves: a poor woman isn't allowed to get a word in.

"A nice notion you have of a wife, to suppose she's nothing to think of but her husband's buttons. A pretty notion, indeed, you have of marriage. Ha! if poor women only knew what they had to go through! What with buttons and one thing and another! They'd never tie themselves up—no, not to the best man in the world, I'm sure. *What would they do, Mr. Caudle?* Why, do much better without you, I'm certain.

"And it's my belief, after all, that the button wasn't off the shirt; it's my belief that you pulled it off, that you might have something to talk about. Oh, you're aggravating enough, when you like, for anything! All I know is, it's very odd that the button should be off the shirt; for I'm sure no woman's a greater slave to her husband's buttons than I am. I only say, it's very odd.

"However, there's one comfort; it can't last long. I'm worn to death with your temper, and shan't trouble you a great while. Ha, you may laugh! And I dare say you would laugh! I've no doubt of it! That's your love—that's your feeling! I know that I'm sinking every day, though I say nothing about it. And when I'm gone, we shall see how your second wife will look after your buttons. You'll find out the difference then. Yes, Caudle, you'll think of me then: for I hope, you'll never have a blessed button to your back.

"No, I'm not a vindictive woman, Mr. Caudle; nobody ever called me that but you. What do you say? *Nobody ever knew so much of me?* That's nothing at all to do with it. Ha! I wouldn't have your aggravating temper, Caudle, for mines of gold. It's a good thing I'm not as worrying as you are, or a nice house there'd be between us. I only wish you'd had a wife that would have talked to you! Then you'd have known the difference. But you impose upon me, because, like a fool, I say nothing. I should be ashamed of myself, Caudle.

"And a pretty example you set as a father! You'll make your boys as bad as yourself. Talking as you did all breakfast-time about your buttons! And of a Sunday morning, too! And you call yourself a Christian! I should like to know what your boys will say when they grow up? And all about a paltry button off one of your wristbands! A decent man wouldn't have mentioned it. *Why won't I hold my tongue?* Because I won't hold my tongue. I'm to have my peace of mind destroyed—I'm to be worried into my grave for a miserable shirt-button, and I'm to hold my tongue! Oh! but that's just like you men!

"But I know what I'll do for the future. Every button you have may drop off, and I won't say much as put a thread to 'em. And I should like to know what you'll do then? Oh, you must get somebody else to sew 'em, must you? That's a pretty threat for a husband to hold out to a wife! And to such a wife as I've been, too: such a negro-slave to your buttons, as I may say! Somebody else to sew 'em, eh? No, Caudle, no; not while I'm alive! When I'm dead—and with what I have to bear there's no knowing how soon that may be—when I'm dead, I say—oh! what a brute you must be to snore so!

"*You're not snoring?* Ha! that's what you always say; but that's nothing to do with it. You

must get somebody else to sew 'em, must you? Ha! I shouldn't wonder. Oh no! I should be surprised at nothing now! Nothing at all! It's what people have always told me it would come to—and now the buttons have opened my eyes! But the whole world shall know of your cruelty, Mr. Caudle. After the wife I've been to you! Somebody else, indeed, to sew your buttons! I'm no longer to be mistress in my own house! Ha! Caudle! I wouldn't have upon my conscience what you have for the world! I wouldn't treat anybody as you treat—no, I'm not mad! It's you, Mr. Caudle, who are mad, or bad—and that's worse! I can't even so much as speak of a shirt-button, but that I'm threatened to be made nobody in my own house! Caudle, you've a heart like a hearth-stone, you have! To threaten me, and only because a button—a button—"

"I was conscious of no more than this," says Caudle; "for here nature relieved me with a sweet, deep sleep."

#### A SCENE IN CHICAGO.

THIS scene represents the condition, on Sunday, the 17th of February, of some of the streets in Chicago, which had not been filled up. The overflow was caused by the body of water from the prairie seeking a discharge into the lake, and being prevented by the ice, was forced back upon the town. The entire streets in many localities were overflowed, and the pavements, being of wood, were raised and floated from their positions. The water stood from five to six inches in the shallow places, and from two to three feet in the hollows, the unraised streets being completely covered.

Our illustration is from a sketch made on the spot, and shows the disadvantages arising from a temporary and imperfect imitation of Venice without a ready-made supply of gondolas. The energy and enterprise for which Chicago is deservedly famed may well be employed in either preparing for such emergencies, or else in so arranging the level of the streets that such scenes shall not be possible.

#### A Race Between a Passenger Train and a Prairie Fire.

THIS exciting scene is thus described by one of the passengers upon the train: Starting from Chicago about seven o'clock at night on the Dixon Air Line Railroad, the train had proceeded but a few miles from the city when we overtook a fire on the prairie. It was a bitter night; the wind was blowing hard, and the snow was falling, but the tall, stiff, high grass of the prairie stood high above the thin coat of snow on the ground, and the flames spread with great rapidity. There was a broad margin between our track and the river of fire that swept before the wind. The line of flames was about half a mile in length, and now and then it made such rapid progress it seemed to keep pace with the train.

It was a picturesque and grand race between the fire-streeds of the prairie and the Iron horse. The former had no delays to make at the stations, side tracks and crossings; the latter had the advantage of human brains to do its thinking and to pilot it. On, on they sped through the thick and stormy night. One crackling and whispering in the wind, scaring and driving away every living thing in its path, and the other neighing and pressing forward with a tread that shook the ground, and made the light in the nearest windows quiver like aspen leaves. One flared its banner of flame in the sky, and tossed its torches upon the crisp air, giving a warning of approaching danger, and light in which to escape to some safe retreat; the other, with its mane of smoke and breath of sparks, and its eye in its forehead, dashed along in a "meteoric shower" of sparks.

It was "poetry in motion"—ringing with the rhythm of progress, whose sound is music married to the couplet of iron, in the iron epic of advancing age. Our locomotive gained the race at last, and we left the fiery cavalry in the distance, fighting with the wind and the snow, and leaping over the creeks and ponds in its course, making bonfires of the lone haystacks that stood like Lot's wife within the reach of its innumerable spears of flame. Before it was borne a crimson flag that lit up the heavens; behind it was a charred and blackened wake of cinders. Whether it swept away any human habitations in its path I cannot say; but it was a most attractive sight, and so full of suggestion, I have been tempted to give a brief account of it.

#### The Ball at the Opening of the Academy of Music.

THIS brilliant opening of the restored Academy of Music took place upon Friday, the first of March. The traditional unlucky character of the day was well maintained by the weather, which set in with a rain-storm in the morning, and kept it up without any remission all day. Such a trifle, however, as rain could not restrain the gay crowds who met to take part in the new inauguration of the Academy. Our illustration shows the brilliant diversity of the scene, the variety of costume, and the new interior decorations of the building. The brilliant effect of the large central chandelier must be seen to be appreciated.

#### Union Cemetery at Seven Pines, Virginia.

THIS Union Cemetery is fitly placed in the field around which so much of the interest of the war centres. The thousands who will visit this field, from its associations, will learn the more to reverence the dead, whose

THE GRAND OPERA BALL INAUGURATING THE NEW ACADEMY OF MUSIC, FOURTEENTH STREET AND IRVING PLACE, NEW YORK, ON FRIDAY, MARCH 1<sup>ST</sup>, 1867.—SEE PAGE 407.





## BRIGHTER DAYS.

BY NATHAN UPHAM.

WHAT though life, to-day, be dreary—  
What though friends have oft proved false—  
What though sometimes thou art weary—  
He who halts  
Ne'er will gain his soul's ambition;  
Ne'er will cleave the giant wrong;  
Ne'er will see those fields elysian,  
Told in song.

Yield not, faithless, to misgiving;  
Yield not thus to adverse Fate;  
Yield to none in earnest living:  
Soon or late,  
From the flower, the orange growth;  
From the blade, the golden corn;  
From the rock, the marble gloweth  
Into form!

Rise! by trial we grow stronger!  
Rise! the earthy cing to earth!  
Rise! a creeping thing no longer—  
Joy and Mirth  
Wait thy coming into glory!  
Wait, to greet a worthy name!  
Wait, to tell thy future story  
Unto Fame!

THE LAST CHRONICLE OF  
BARSET.

BY ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

CHAPTER VIII—CONTINUED.

And had not Lord Lufton been present he would have made himself more conspicuous by taking the chair. Mr. Fothergill was the fourth. Mr. Fothergill was a man of business to the Duke of Omnium, who was the great owner of the property in and about Silverbridge, and he was the most active magistrate in that part of the county. He was a sharp man, and not at all likely to have any predisposition in favor of a clergyman. The fifth was Dr. Thorne, of Chaldecote, a gentle man whose name has been already mentioned in these pages. He had been for years a medical man practicing in a little village in the further end of the county; but it had come to be his fate, late in life, to marry a great heiress, with whose money the ancient house and domain of Chaldecote had been purchased from the Sowerbys. Since then Dr. Thorne had done his duty well as a country gentleman—not, however, without some little want of smoothness between him and the duke's people.

Chaldecote lay next to the duke's territory, and the duke had wished to buy Chaldecote. When Chaldecote slipped through the duke's fingers and went into the hands of Dr. Thorne—or of Dr. Thorne's wife—the duke had been very angry with Mr. Fothergill. Hence it had come to pass that there had not always been smoothness between the duke's people and the Chaldecote people. It was now rumored that Dr. Thorne intended to stand for the county on the next vacancy, and that did not tend to make things smoother. On the right hand of Lord Lufton sat Lord George and Mr. Fothergill, and beyond Mr. Fothergill sat Mr. Walker, and beyond Mr. Walker sat Mr. Walker's clerk. On the left hand of the chairman were Dr. Tempest and Dr. Thorne, and a little lower down was Mr. Zachary Winthrop, who held the situation of clerk to the magistrates. Many people in Silverbridge said that this was all wrong, as Mr. Winthrop was partner with Mr. Walker, who was always employed before the magistrates if there was any employment going for an attorney. For this, however, Mr. Walker cared very little. He had so much of his own way in Silverbridge, that he was supposed to care nothing for anybody.

There were many other gentlemen in the room, and some who knew Mr. Crawley with more or less intimacy. He, however, took notice of no one, and when one friend, who had really known him well, came up behind and spoke to him gently, leaning over his chair, the poor man hardly recognized his friend.

"I'm sure your husband won't forget me," said Mr. Robarts, the clergyman of Framley, as he gave his hand to that lady across the back of Mr. Crawley's chair.

"No, Mr. Robarts, he does not forget you. But you must excuse him if at this moment he is not quite himself. It is a trying situation for a clergyman."

"I can understand all that; but I'll tell you why I have come. I suppose this inquiry will finish the whole affair, and clear up whatever may be the difficulty. But should it not do so, it may be just possible, Mrs. Crawley, that something may be said about bail. I do not understand much about it, and I dare say you do not either; but if there should be anything of that sort, let Mr. Crawley name me. A brother clergyman will be best, and I'll have some other gentleman with me."

Then he left her, not waiting for an answer.

At the same time there was a conversation going on between Mr. Walker and another attorney standing behind him, Mr. Mason.

"I'll go to him," said Mr. Walker, "and try to arrange it."

So Mr. Walker seated himself in the empty chair beside Mr. Crawley, and endeavored to explain to the wretched man that he would do well to allow Mr. Mason to assist him. Mr. Crawley seemed to listen to all that was said, and then turned upon the speaker, sharply:

"I will have no one to assist me," he said, so loudly that every one in the room heard the words; "I am innocent. Why should I want assistance? Nor have I money to pay for it." Mr. Mason made a quick movement forward, intending to explain that that consideration need offer no impediment,

but was stopped from further speech by Mr. Crawley. "I will have no one to help me," said he, standing upright, and for the first time removing his hat from his head. "Go on, and do what it is you have to do."

After that he did not sit down till the proceedings were nearly over, though he was invited more than once by Lord Lufton to do so.

We need not go through all the evidence that was brought to bear upon the question. It was proved that money for the check was paid to Mr. Crawley's messenger, and that this money was given to Mr. Crawley. When there occurred some little delay in the chain of evidence necessary to show that Mr. Crawley had signed and sent the check and got the money, he became impatient.

"Why do you trouble the man?" he said. "I had the check, and I sent him; I got the money. Has any one denied it, that you should strive to drive a poor man like that beyond his wits?"

Then Mr. Soames and the manager of the bank showed what inquiry had been made as soon as the check came back from the London bank; how at first they had both thought that Mr. Crawley could of course explain the matter, and how he had explained it by a statement which was manifestly untrue. Then there was evidence to prove that the check could not have been paid to him by Mr. Soames, and as this was given Mr. Crawley shook his head and again became impatient.

"I erred in that!" he exclaimed. "Of course I erred. In my haste I thought so, and in my haste I said so. I am not good at reckoning money and remembering sums; but I saw that I had been wrong when my error was shown to me, and I acknowledged at once that I had been wrong."

Up to this point he had behaved not only with so much spirit, but with so much reason, that his wife began to hope that the importance of the occasion had brought back the clearness of his mind, and that he would, even now, be able to place himself right as the inquiry went on. Then it was explained that Mr. Crawley had stated that the check had been given to him by Dean Arabin, as soon as it was shown that it could not have been given to him by Mr. Soames. In reference to this, Mr. Walker was obliged to explain that application had been made to the dean, who was abroad, and that the dean had stated that he had given fifty pounds to his friend. Mr. Walker explained, also, that the very notes of which this fifty pounds had consisted had been traced back to Mr. Crawley, and that they had no connection with the check, or with the money which had been given for the check at the bank.

Mr. Soames stated that he had lost the check with a pocket-book; that he had certainly lost it on the day on which he had called on Mr. Crawley at Hogglestock; and that he missed his pocket-book on his journey back from Hogglestock to Barchester. At the moment of missing it he remembered that he had taken the book out from his pocket in Mr. Crawley's room, and, at that moment, he had not doubted but that he had left it in Mr. Crawley's house. He had written and sent to Mr. Crawley to inquire, but had been assured that nothing had been found. There had been no other property of value in the pocket-book—nothing but a few visiting cards and a memorandum, and he had therefore stopped the check at the London bank, and thought no more about it.

Mr. Crawley was then asked to explain in what way he came possessed of the check. The question was first put by Lord Lufton; but it soon fell into Mr. Walker's hands, who certainly asked it with all the kindness with which such inquiry could be made. Could Mr. Crawley at all remember by what means that bit of paper had come into his possession, or how long he had had it? He answered the last question first:

"It had been with him for months."

And why had he kept it? He looked round the room sternly, and almost savagely, before he answered, fixing his eyes for a moment upon almost every face around him as he did so. Then he spoke:

"I was driven by shame to keep it; and then by shame to use it."

That this statement was true no one in the room doubted.

And then the other question was pressed upon him, and he lifted up his hands, and raised his voice, and swore by the Saviour in whom he trusted that he knew not from whence the money had come to him. Why, then, had he said that it had come from the dean? He had thought so. The dean had given him money, covered up in an enclosure, "so that the touch of the coin might not add to my disgrace in taking his alms," said the wretched man, thus speaking openly and freely in his agony of the shame which he had striven so persistently to hide. He had not seen the dean's money as they had been given, and he thought the check had been with them. Beyond that he could tell them nothing.

Then there was a conference between the magistrates and Mr. Walker, in which Mr. Walker submitted that the magistrates had no alternative but to commit the gentleman. To this Lord Lufton demurred, and with him Dr. Thorne.

"I believe, as I am sitting here," said Lord Lufton, "that he has told the truth, and that he does not know any more than I do from whence the check came."

"I am quite sure he does not," said Dr. Thorne.

Lord George remarked that it was the "queerest go he had ever come across." Dr. Tempest merely shook his head. Mr. Fothergill pointed out that even supposing the gentleman's statement to be true, it by no means went toward establishing the gentleman's innocence. The check had been traced to the gentleman's hands, and the gentleman was bound to show how it had come into his possession. Even supposing that the gentleman had found the check in his house, which was likely enough, he was not

thereby justified in changing it, and applying the proceeds to his own purposes. Mr. Walker told them that Mr. Fothergill was right, and that the only excuse to be made for Mr. Crawley was that he was out of his senses.

"I don't see it," said Lord Lufton. "I might have a lot of paper money by me, and not know from Adam where I got it."

"But you would have to show where you got it, my lord, when inquiry was made," said Mr. Fothergill.

Lord Lufton, who was not particularly fond of Mr. Fothergill, and was very unwilling to be instructed by him in any of the duties of a magistrate, turned his back at once upon the duke's agent; but within three minutes afterward he had submitted to the same instructions from Mr. Walker.

Mr. Crawley had again seated himself, and during this period of the affair was leaning over the table with his face buried on his arms. Mrs. Crawley sat by his side, utterly impotent as to any assistance, just touching him with her hand, and waiting behind her vail till she should be made to understand what was the decision of the magistrates. This was at last communicated to her—and to him—in a whisper by Mr. Walker.

Mr. Crawley must understand that he was committed to take his trial at Barchester, at the next assizes, which would be held in April, but that jail would be taken—his own bail in five hundred pounds, and that of two others in two hundred and fifty pounds each. And Mr. Walker explained further that he and the bailiffs were ready, and that the bail-bond was prepared. The bailiffs were to be the Rev. Mr. Robarts, and Major Grantly. In five minutes the bond was signed and Mr. Crawley was at liberty to go away, a free man—till the Barchester Assizes should come round in April.

Of all that was going on at this time Mr. Crawley knew little or nothing, and Mrs. Crawley did not know much. She did say a word of thanks to Mr. Robarts, and begged that the same might be said to—the other gentleman. If she had heard the major's name she did not remember it. Then they were led out back into the bedroom, where Mrs. Walker was found, anxious to do something, if she only knew what, to comfort the wretched husband and the wretched wife. But what comfort or consolation could there be within their reach? There was tea made ready for them, and sandwiches cut from the Inn larder. And there was sherry in the Inn decanter. But no such comfort as that was possible for either of them.

They were taken home again in the fly, returning without the escort of Mr. Thompson, and as they went some few words were spoken by Mrs. Crawley.

"Josiah," she said, "there will be a way out of this, even yet, if you will only hold up your head and trust."

"There is a way out of it," he said. "There is a way. There is but one way."

When he had so spoken she said no more, but resolved that her eye should never be off him, no—not for moment. Then, when she had gotten him once more into that front parlor, she threw her arms round him and kissed him.

## CHAPTER IX.—GRACE CRAWLEY GOES TO ALLINGTON.

The tidings of what had been done by the magistrates at their petty sessions was communicated the same night to Grace Crawley by Miss Prettyman. Miss Anne Prettyman had heard the news within five minutes of the execution of the bail bond, and had rushed to her sister with information as to the event.

"They have found him guilty—they have, indeed. They have convicted him—or whatever it is—because he couldn't say where he got it."

"You do not mean that they have sent him to prison?"

"No, not to prison, not as yet—that is, I don't understand it altogether; but he's to be tried again at the assizes. In the meantime he's to be out on bail. Major Grantly is to be the bail—he and Mr. Robarts. That, I think, was very nice of him."

It was undoubtedly the fact that Miss Anne Prettyman had received an accession of pleasurable emotion when she learned that Mr. Crawley had not been sent away scathless, but had been condemned, as it were, to a public trial at the assizes. And yet she would have done anything in her power to save Grace Crawley, or even to save her father. And it must be explained that Miss Anne Prettyman was supposed to be specially efficient in teaching Roman history to her pupils, although she was so manifestly ignorant of the course of law in the country in which she lived.

"Committed him," said Miss Prettyman, correcting her sister with scorn. "They have not convicted him. Had they convicted him, there could be no question of bail."

"I don't know how all that is, Annabella, but at any rate Major Grantly is to be the bailiff, and there is to be another trial at Barchester."

"There cannot be more than one trial in a criminal case," said Miss Prettyman, "unless the jury should disagree, or something of that kind. I suppose that he has been committed, and that the trial will take place at the assizes."

"Exactly—that's just it."

Had Lord Lufton appeared as lictor, and had Thompson carried the fasces, Miss Anne would have known more about it.

The sad tidings were not told to Grace till the evening. Mrs. Crawley, when the inquiry was over before the magistrates, would fain have had herself driven to the Miss Prettyman's school, that she might see her daughter, but she felt that to be impossible while her husband was in her charge. The father would, of course, have gone to his child had the visit been suggested to him, but that would have caused another terrible scene; and the mother, considering it all in her mind, thought it better to abstain. Miss Prettyman did her best to make poor Grace think that the affair

had gone so far favorably—did her best—that is, without saying anything which her conscience told her to be false.

"It is to be settled at the assizes in April," she said.

"And in the meantime what will become of papa?"

"Your papa will be at home just as usual. He must have some one to advise him. I dare say it would have been all over now if he would have employed an attorney."

"But it seems so hard that an attorney should be wanted."

"My dear Grace, things in this world are hard."

"But they are always harder for papa and mamma than for anybody else."

In answer to this Miss Prettyman made some remarks intended to be wise and kind at the same time. Grace, whose eyes were laden with tears, made no immediate reply to this, but reverted to her former statement, that she must go home.

"I cannot remain, Miss Prettyman, I am so unhappy."

"Will you be more happy at home?"

"I can bear it better there."

The poor girl soon learned from the intended consolations of those around her, from the ill-considered kindnesses of the pupils, and from words which fell from the servants, that her father had in fact been judged to be guilty, as far as judgment had as yet gone.

"They do say, miss, it's only because he hadn't a lawyer," said the housekeeper. And if men so kind as Lord Lufton and Mr. Walker had made him out to be guilty, what could be expected from a stern judge down from London, who would know nothing about her poor father and his peculiarities, and from twelve jurors who would be shopkeepers out of Barchester. It would kill her father, and then it would kill her mother; and after that it would kill her also. And there was no money in the house at home. She knew it well. She had been paid three pounds a month for her services at the school, and the money for the last two months had been sent to her mother. Yet, badly as she wanted anything that she might be able to earn, she knew that she could not go on teaching. It had come to be acknowledged by both the Miss Prettymans that any teaching on her part for the present was impossible. She would go home and perish with the rest of them. There was no room left for hope to her, or to any of her family. They had accused her father of being a common thief—her father whom she knew to be so nobly honest, her father whom she believed to be among the most devoted of God's servants. He was accused of a paltry theft, and the magistrates and lawyers and policemen among them had decided that the accusation was true! How could she look the girls in the face after that, or attempt to hold her own among the teachers!

On the next morning there came the letter from Miss Lily Dale, and with that in her hand she again went to Miss Prettyman. She must go home, she said. She must at any rate see her mother. Could Miss Prettyman be kind enough to send her home. "I haven't sixpence to pay for anything," she said, bursting out into tears; "and I haven't a right to ask for it." Then the statements which Miss Prettyman made in her eagerness to cover this latter misfortune were decidedly false. There was so much money owing to Grace, she said; money for this, money for that, money for anything or nothing! Ten pounds would hardly clear the account. "Nobody owes me anything; but if you'll lend me five shillings!" said Grace, in her agony. Miss Prettyman, as she made her way through this difficulty, thought of Major Grantly and his love. It would have been of no use, she knew. Had she brought them together on that Monday, Grace would have said nothing to him. Indeed such a meeting at such a time would have been improper. But, regarding Major Grantly, as she did, in the light of a millionaire—for the wealth of the archdeacon was notorious—she could not but think it a pity that poor Grace should be begging for five shillings. "You need not at any rate trouble yourself about money, Grace," said Miss Prettyman. "What is a pound or two more or less between you and me? It is almost unkind of you to think about it. Is that letter in your hand anything for me to see, my dear?" Then Grace explained that she did not wish to show Miss Dale's letter, but that Miss Dale had asked her to go to Allington. "And you will go," said Miss Prettyman. "It will be the best thing for you, and the best thing for your mother."

It was at last decided that Grace should go to her friend at Allington, and to Allington she went. She returned home for a day or two, and was persuaded by her mother to accept the invitation that had been given her. At Hogglestock, while she was there, new troubles came up, of which something shall shortly be told; but they were in truth troubles, as will be seen, were so far beneficial that they stirred her father up to a certain action which was in itself salutary. "I think it will be better that you should be away, dearest," said the mother, who now, for the first time, heard plainly all that poor Grace had to tell about Major Grantly; Grace having, heretofore, barely spoken, in most ambiguous words, of Major Grantly as a gentleman whom she had met at Framley, and whom she had described as being "very nice."

In old days, long ago, Lucy Robarts, the present Lady Lufton, sister of the Reverend Mark Robarts, the parson of Framley, had sojourned for a while under Mr. Crawley's roof at Hogglestock. Peculiar circumstances, which need not, perhaps, be told here, had given occasion for this visit. She had then resolved—for her future destiny had been known to her before she left Mrs. Crawley's house—that she would in coming days do much to befriend the family of her friend; but the doing of much had been very difficult. And the doing

of anything had come to be very difficult through a certain indiscretion on Lord Lufton's part. Lord Lufton had offered assistance, pecuniary assistance, to Mr. Crawley, which Mr. Crawley had rejected with outspoken anger. What was Lord Lufton to him that his lordship should dare to come to him with his patrician money in his hand? But after a while, Lady Lufton, exercising some cunning in the operations of her friendship, had persuaded her sister-in-law at the Framley parsonage to have Grace Crawley over there as a visitor—and there she had been during the summer holidays previous to the commencement of our story. And there, at Framley, she had become acquainted with Major Grantly, who was staying with Lord Lufton at Framley Court. She had then said something to her mother about Major Grantly, something ambiguous, something about his being "very nice," and the mother had thought how great was the pity that her daughter, who was "nice" too in her estimation, should have so few of those adjuncts to assist her which come from full pockets. She had thought no more about it then; but now she felt herself constrained to think more. "I don't quite understand why he should have come to Miss Prettyman on Monday," said Grace, "because he hardly knows her at all."

"I suppose it was on business," said Mrs. Crawley.

"No, mamma, it was not on business."

"How can you tell, dear?"

"Because Miss Prettyman said it was—it was to ask after me. Oh, mamma, I must tell you. I know he did like me."

"Did he ever say so to you, dearest?"

"Yes, mamma."

"And did he ask to see you on Monday?"

"No, mamma; I don't think he did. I think he understood it all too well, for I could not have spoken to him then."

Mrs. Crawley pursued the cross-examination no further, but made up her mind that it would be better that her girl should be away from her wretched home during this period of her life. If it were written in the book of fate that one of her children should be exempted from the series of misfortunes which seemed to fall, one after another, almost as a matter of course, upon her husband, upon her, and upon her family; if so great fortune were in store for her Grace as such a marriage as this which seemed to be so nearly offered to her, it might probably be well that Grace should be as little at home as possible. Mrs. Crawley had heard nothing but good of Major Grantly; but she knew that the Grantlys were proud, rich people—who lived with their heads high up in the county—and it could hardly be that a son of the archdeacon would like to take his bride direct from Hogglestock parsonage.

It was settled that Grace should go to Allington as soon as a letter could be received from Miss Dale in return to Grace's note, and on the third morning after her arrival at home she started. None but they who have themselves been poor gentry—gentry so poor as not to know how to raise a shilling—can understand the peculiar bitterness of the trials which such poverty produces. The poverty of the normal poor does not approach it; or, rather, the pang arising from such poverty are altogether of a different sort. To be hungry and have no food, to be cold and have no fuel, to be threatened with restraint for one's few chairs and tables, and with the loss of the roof over one's head—all these miseries, which, if they do not positively reach, are so frequently near to reaching the normal poor, are, no doubt, the severest of the trials to which humanity is subjected. They threaten life, or if not life, then liberty—reducing the abject one to a choice between captivity and starvation. By hook or crook, the poor gentleman or poor lady—let the one or the other be ever so poor—does not often come to the last extremity of the workhouse. There are such cases, but they are exceptional. Mrs. Crawley, through all her sufferings, had never yet found her cupboard to be absolutely bare, or the bread-pan actually empty. But there are pangs to which, at the time, starvation itself would seem to be preferable. The angry eyes of unpaid tradesmen, savage with an anger which one knows to be justifiable; the taunt of the poor servant who wants her wages; the gradual relinquishment of habits which the soft nurture of earlier, kinder ears had made second nature; the wan cheeks of the wife whose malady demands wine; the rage of the husband whose outward occupations demand decency; the neglected children, who are learning not to be the children of gentlefolk; and, worse than all, the alms and doles of half-generous friends, the waning pride, the pride that will not wane, the growing doubt whether it be not better to bow the head, and acknowledge to all the world that nothing of the pride of station is left—that the hand is open to receive and ready to touch the cap, that the fall from the upper to the lower level has been accomplished—these are the pangs of poverty which drive the Crawleys of the world to the frequent entertaining of that idea of the bare bodkin. It was settled that Grace should go to Allington—but how about her clothes? And then, whence was to come the price of her journey?

"I don't think they'll mind about my being shabby at Allington. They live very quietly there."

"But you say that Miss Dale is very nice in her ways."

"Lily is very nice, mamma; but I shan't mind her so much as her mother, because she knows it all. I have told her everything."

But you have given me all your money, dearest."

"Miss Prettyman told me I was to come to her," said Grace, who had already taken some small sum from the schoolmistress, which at once had gone into her mother's pocket, and into household purposes. "She said I should be sure to go to Allington, and that of course I should go to her, as I must pass through Silverbridge."

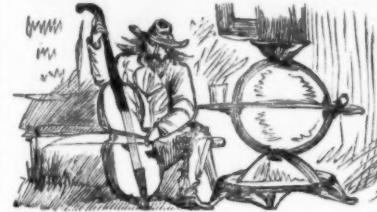
"I hope papa will not ask about it," said Mrs. Crawley. Luckily papa did not ask about it, being at that moment occupied much with other thoughts and other troubles, and Grace was allowed to return by Silverbridge, and to take what was needed from Miss Prettyman. Who can tell of the mending and patching, of the weary wearing midnight hours of needlework which were accomplished before the poor girl went, so that she might not reach her friend's house in actual rags? And when the work was ended, what was there to show for it? I do not think that the idea of the bare bodkin, as regarded herself, ever flitted across Mrs. Crawley's brain, she being one of those who are very strong to endure; but it must have occurred to her very often that the repose of the grave is sweet, and that there cometh after death a leveling and making even of things, which would at last cure all her evils.

#### Hints for the Consideration of the Committee on Ferries.

NEXT to a Broadway stage, or an avenue horse-car, the pleasantest, most instructive, and least expensive place to reside in, is a ferry-house—and a Hoboken ferry-house at that. Most people whose business is in the city, but who reside across the river, live in the ferry-houses for a considerable portion of the year. One eminent financier with whom I am acquainted had a silver door-plate, with his name engraved upon it, made specially for the door of the Hoboken Ferry-house (gentlemen's waiting-room), on the New York side, and another for the opposite concern on the Jersey shore. Commodore Stevens, however, who seems to own both shores, and has an immense gun planted just under Castle Point, to command the harbor, refused to allow any silver-plate upon the premises. He said it might be a temptation to the ferry hands, and that he might not be able to keep his "hands" from picking and stealing, in fact. When I particularly want to see a man, on business—a resident of Brooklyn, or of Hoboken, say—and cannot find him either at his office or at the place where he usually lunches, I am sure to hunt him up at his regular ferry-house. He generally has the daily papers with him a box of sandwiches, ditto of cigars; a flask of sherry and a bag containing his carpet-slippers, night-shirt, and a change of linen. One acquaintance of mine—a banker, merely, but one who hath "music in

the patent ankle-fender would be kept on hire, his fortune would be assured.

Timid people are apt to allow their minds to dwell upon the possibility of injury being caused to them by the herds of sheep and horned cattle, with whose company they are so often favored when crossing the ferries. Few animals, let us assure these good people, are more harmless than sheep. Of course they have a way of



upsetting people by running between their legs unexpectedly; and when this takes place on the bridge at a ferry, or near the guard-chain of a boat, the person thus upset generally falls into the slip and so meets a watery grave. But then arises the question, "What business had he to be where he was?" and the ferry-hands lift their voices, and reply, with simultaneous shout, "He hadn't none!"—which, of course he hadn't.

With regard to horned cattle, some persons have objected to such being accommodated with seats in the ladies' saloon on board the ferry-boats. But how, pray, are the ferry-hands to discriminate between beasts of one kind and beasts of another? There is this kind

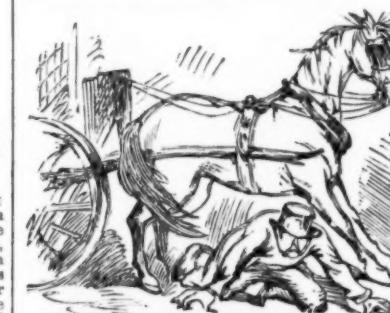


of beast, for instance, who makes himself quite at home in the ladies' saloon, throwing himself down in the most comfortable seat he can find, stretching out his dirty legs half-way across the floor, and expectorating his filthy tobacco-juice all the way across. The mild-eyed ox is far preferable to this beast. Until this beast is expelled from the ladies' saloon, I insist upon the right of the beef animal to have equal accommodation there. It is inconceivable to me why people should tolerate this disgusting brute, and object to fellowship with the mild-eyed ox.

Musical instruments, as I have said, are objected to by the managers of the ferries, who, properly and with judgment, reserve to themselves the right of blowing their own trumpets. The same prohibition, however, is not extended to the various instruments coming under the denomination of "cutlery." German fowlers,



carrying tremendous duck-guns, loaded with slugs and bits of old iron, poke their weapons into people's faces. Hard-looking boys produce their revolvers, and compare locks by clicking them, to the intense delight of the passengers. Sometimes men amuse themselves by throwing knives at any conspicuous object upon deck—the cabin-door, for instance. All this tends to make the time pass pleasantly, and is some compensation for the rule forbidding the performance of music upon the boats and at the ferry-houses.



When there are many horses on board—as there generally are—it is necessary that passengers should exercise caution in crossing from one side of the deck to the other. Young and active men can best accomplish this by vaulting over the backs of the horses. Elderly persons generally creep under the bellies of the animals, and if they get kicked in doing so, why, they have only themselves to blame. It has been stated by witnesses before the recent committee of investigation into the management of the ferries that there is no police on board the boats, and that order is kept there by deck-hands armed with cart-rungs. I have ascertained that these guardians of the peace are regularly organized for special police duty. They have cart-rung drill at stated hours between the trips, and their orders are to knock on the head every passenger who objects to being spit upon by roughs, gored by oxen, trampled by horses, or splashed with deck swabs.

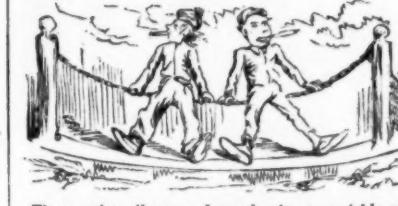
The boats do not charge anything extra for this. Much vituperation has generally been lavished upon the deck-hands, and that without cause. They are usually very gentlemanly and affable persons, and the worst charge ever substantiated against one of them—so far as I am aware—was that he held a position as chairman of a town committee. But this was an exceptional case, and should not be used for branding the class.

Notwithstanding much that has been stated to the contrary, the small boats provided by the ferry companies are quite adequate for the purpose of saving human life, many of them having ample accommodation for one full-grown person in a standing position. The

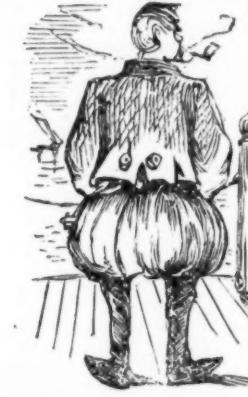


companies, however, according to the testimony given by the managers of one of them before the committee, do not rely much upon their small boats in case of accident. Their chief dependence is upon the steamers that happen to be in the river. This is encouraging to passengers, and calculated to impress with confidence the most timid. It is well-known that the Cunard steamers, for instance, while lying in dock, always keep their steam up for the purpose of going to the assistance of any ferry-boat that may come to grief. How beautiful is the brotherhood that thus exists between sea-faring men all the world through! There is something absolutely touching in the idea of the great Atlantic ferry-boat coming to the assistance of her little sister that plies between Hoboken and Christopher street. It almost makes one cry.

The rising generation is a fast one, and cannot enjoy life without constant relays of new sensations. A trip to Brooklyn or Hoboken offers to the young men of fourteen or thereabouts, who seek to repair their shattered constitutions by short sea-voyages, the pleasant excitement of swinging upon the guard-chains of the ferry-boat as she approaches her slip.



They swing there and smoke in a sociable and pleasant way, laying small wagers with each other upon the chances of this one or that one being jerked overboard by the first bump of the boat against the stockades of the narrowing channel. It is surprising that the ferry companies do not perceive the policy of making things more comfortable for this valuable class of passengers. Cushioned seats might be attached to the guard-chains at small expense. Or, what would be still better india-rubber air-cushions might be provided, so arranged with straps as to meet the convenience of persons wishing to swing upon the chain. The annexed sketch will explain better than words the manner in which these articles should be adapted to the



person. In case of a spill overboard they would act as floats, so that, indeed, it might be a good idea for every person crossing the ferries to wear one, whether with a view of swinging upon the chain or not.

Until the ferry companies adopt something more secure than the open rail which at present forms the bulkwork of their boats, would be well for them to take some precautions with regard to the small children who form so large a portion of the passengers, especially on Sunday. Children, even those of the male sex, must not be contoured with river buoys. They don't naturally float in the water, as the latter do, nor are they able to grasp chains, or tin kettles, or such other handy articles as may be thrown to them by agonized parents or children gifted with presence of mind. In view of children possibly slipping through the railings into the river, each boat should be provided with a well-educated Newfoundland dog—one of good moral character, and who understands the French and German languages, preferred. It may be asked how you are to get the dog aboard, after he has succeeded in grasping the partially asphyxiated juvenile? The only suggestion that I can make on this head is that that there should be a dog-ship constructed at each of the ferries, to afford safe landing for the sagacious animals and their interesting burdens. Of course it would be cheaper for the ferry companies to affix a wire lattice to the open rails of their boats than to maintain large Newfoundland dogs and build slips for them to land in, but that is their business, and to interfere with it is none of mine.

To encourage that gentlemanly deportment which, usual though it may be among the passengers on our ferry-boats, is yet hardly to be set down as universal, I propose that the ferry companies should present a medal of honor, at the close of each year, to the first gentleman of his class in the various classes of persons who make regular trips across the ferries. The candidate who had evinced a due regard for the feelings of others by refraining from driving a sharp stick into the sides of his oxen, would naturally enter into competition with the wagoner who had squirmed the smallest quantity of tobacco-juice (by measurement) upon the floor of the ladies' cabin. There should be a medal, of course, for each class, including the interesting body of young men called "deck-hands." Who would not like to see a deck hand decorated? Here is the beautiful fawn sporting the Ferry Order of Honor, or



FIRST GENTLEMAN OF HIS CLASS.

If the companies would like to be furnished with any further suggestions regarding the management of their respective ferries, the present writer is ready to respond to their queries with cheerfulness and dispatch.

## The Capture of the Infant Gorilla.

DU CHAILLU, the famous French African traveler, gives the following account of the capture of an infant gorilla. The little animal proved, however, to be untamable, seeming to grow more savage every day. Unfortunately, too, he sickened and died, as was supposed from his constant rage whenever his cage was approached, and from the sullenness which made him pass his time moping and led him to refuse his food. His account of the capture is given as follows:

I had one of the greatest pleasures of my whole life on the day when some hunters who had been out on my account brought in a young gorilla alive. I cannot describe the emotions with which I saw the struggling little brute dragged into the village; all the hardships I endured in Africa were rewarded in that moment. It was a little fellow between two and three years old, two feet and six inches in length, and as fierce and stubborn as a grown animal could have been.

By the hunters' account, they were going, five in number, to a village near the coast, and walking very silently through the forest, when they heard what they immediately recognized as the cry of a young gorilla for its mother. The forest was silent. It was about noon, and they immediately determined to follow the cry. Presently they heard it again. Gun in hand, the brave fellows crept noiselessly toward a clump of wood, where the baby gorilla evidently was. They knew the mother would be near, and there was a likelihood that the male, the most dreaded of all, might be there, too. But they determined to risk all, and, if at all possible, to take the young one alive, knowing what a joy it would be for me. Presently they perceived the bush moving, and, crawling a little further on in dead silence, scarce breathing with excitement, they beheld what has seldom been seen, even by the negroes, a young gorilla, seated on the ground, eating some berries that grew close to the earth. A few feet further on sat the mother, also eating of the same fruit.

Instantly they made ready to fire, and none too soon, for the old female saw them as they raised their guns, and they had to pull triggers without delay. Happily, they wounded her mortally, and she fell. They young one, hearing the noise of the guns, ran to his mother, hiding his face, and embracing her body. The hunters immediately rushed toward the two, hallooing with joy as they ran on. But this roused the little one, who instantly let go his mother, and ran to a small tree, which he climbed with agility, where he sat and roared at them savagely. They were now perplexed how to get at him; no one cared to run the chance of being bitten by the savage little beast, and shoot it they would not. At last they cut down the tree, and as it fell, dexterously threw a cloth over the head of the young monster,

and thus gained time to secure it while it was blinded. With all these precautions, one of them received a severe bite on the hand; another had a piece taken out of his leg.

As the little brute, though so diminutive, and the merest baby for age, was astonishingly strong, and by no means good-tempered, they could not lead him. He constantly rushed at them, so they were obliged to get a forked stick, in which his neck was inserted in such a way that he could not escape, and yet could be kept at a safe distance. In this uncomfortable way he was brought into the village, where the excitement was intense. As the animal was lifted out of the canoe in which he had come a little way down the river, he roared and bellowed, and looked around wildly with his wicked little eyes, giving fair warning that if he could only get at some of us he would take his revenge.

I saw that the stick hurt his neck, and I immediately set about having a cage made for him. In two hours we built a strong bamboo house, with the slats securely tied at such a distance apart that we could see the gorilla, and it could see out. Here the thing was immediately deposited, and now, for the first time, I had a fair chance to examine my prize. It was a young male gorilla, evidently not yet three years old, fully able to walk alone, and possessed for its age of most extraordinary strength and muscular development. Its greatest length proved to be two feet six inches. Its face and hands were very black; eyes not so much sunken as in the adults. The hair began at the eyebrows and rose to the crown, where it was a reddish brown. It came down the sides of the face in lines to the lower jaw, much as our beards grow. The upper lip was covered with short coarse hair; the lower lip had longer hair. The eyelids were very slight and thin; eyebrows straight, and three-quarters of an inch long.

## An Adventure with a Grizzly Bear.

THE following adventure is told by Colonel Marcy in his "Thirty Years of Army Life on the Border":

A naval officer, not many years ago, made the experiment of hunting with the lasso, but his success was by no means decisive. The officer had, it appeared, by constant practice upon the ship, while making the long and tiresome voyage round the Horn, acquired very considerable proficiency in the use of the lasso, and was able, at twenty or thirty paces, to throw the noose over the head of the negro cook at almost every cast. So confident had he become in his skill, that on his arrival upon the coast of Southern California, he employed a guide, and mounted upon a well trained horse, with his lasso properly coiled ready for use, he one morning set out for the mountains, with the firm resolve of bagging a few grizzlies before night.

He had not been out a great while before he encountered one of the largest specimens of the mighty beast, whose terrible aspect amazed him not a little; but, as he had come out with a firm determination to capture a grizzly in direct opposition to the advice of the guide, he resolved to show him that he was equal to the occasion. Accordingly he seized his lasso, and riding up near the animal, gave it several rapid whirls above his head in the most artistic manner, and sent the noose around the bear's neck at the very first cast; but the animal, instead of taking to his heels and endeavoring to run away, as he anticipated, very deliberately sat up on his haunches, facing his adversary, and commenced making a very careful examination of the rope. He turned his head from one side to the other in looking at it; he felt it with his paws, and scrutinized it very closely, as if it were something he could not comprehend. In the meantime the officer had turned his horse in the opposite direction, and commenced applying the rowels to his side most vigorously, with the confident expectation that he was to choke the bear to death and drag him off in triumph; but, to his astonishment the horse, with his utmost efforts, did not seem to advance.

The great strain upon the lasso, however, began to choke the bear so that he soon became enraged, and gave the rope several violent slaps, first with one paw and then the other; but finding that this did not relieve him, he seized the lasso with both paws and commenced pulling it in hand over hand, or rather paw over paw, and bringing it with the horse and rider that were attached in the opposite extremity. The officer redoubled the application of both whip and spur, but it was evidently of no avail—he had evidently "caught a Tartar;" and in spite of all the efforts of his horse he receded rather than advanced. In this intensely exciting and critical juncture he cast a hasty glance to the rear, and to his horror found himself steadily backing toward the frightful monster, who sat with his eyes glaring like balls of fire, his huge mouth wide open and frothing with rage, and sending out the most terrific and deep-toned roar. He now, for the first time, felt seriously alarmed, and cried out vociferously for his guide to come to his rescue. The latter responded promptly, rode up, and cut the lasso, and extracted the gentleman from his perilous position. He was much rejoiced at his escape, and, in reply to inquiry of the guide as to whether he desired to continue the hunt, he said it was getting so late he believed he would capture no more grizzlies that day.

## House in which Beethoven was Born, at Bonn, Germany.

THIS little town of Bonn lies on the road from Cologne to Frankfort. It is an old Roman city, built upon the site of a Roman camp made by Drusus, and contains a cathedral which was built by Helena, the mother of Constantine, and was partially rebuilt by Julian. It is also the seat of one of the most famous universities of Germany,

which counts among its graduates many of the famous men of that country, and which contains a library and a museum decorated with numerous frescoes by Cornelius, who, after Kaulbach, is considered the greatest painter of modern Germany. It is, however, more visited by travelers, for having been the birthplace of Beethoven than for all its interesting archaeological, literary, and artistic associations. Some twenty years ago, the public-spirited little city erected a statue in honor of its famous son, representing him wrapped in his cloak, his head bent slightly forward, engaged in thought. The birthplace of the great composer is situated in the street called Rheingasse, a narrow and crowded street, leading from the Rhine; it is built of brick, and is now used as a restaurant. A marble plate set in the front contains an inscription in German, "HERE BEETHOVEN WAS BORN." The building has been

greatly altered since the day in 1770 which commenced the life of the great composer; but the chamber in which he first uttered his feeble cry remains unchanged, and is inhabited by the servant of the house. It is a small whitewashed room, with a single window, glazed with the small, old-fashioned panes of glass, and divided



THE BIRTHPLACE OF BEETHOVEN AT BONN.

into two sashes, one of which opens and the other is fixed, and furnished with only a cot and a chest for clothes. Beethoven's study, in which he worked, is a room contiguous to this chamber, but has been refurnished, and is now let to any student who chooses to hire it.

THE Russian contribution to the Paris Exhibition will be far richer, more complete, and much more interesting than that sent to the International of 1862. The Government grant in 1862 was 75,000 roubles, it is now 220,000. Part of this amount is destined to defray the expenses of carriage, and the remainder will be spent in the purchase of specimens necessary to complete the various collections when they have not been offered by the producers themselves. M. Spakovsky will show the ingenious use he makes of turpentine. Not content with exhibiting his lamps, samovars, and signal-lights to be used at sea, he sends over a small steamer, the machinery of which is set in motion in an incredibly short space of time through the agency of turpentine. M. Zaroubine sends a pump of his own invention for drawing water from the deep wells of the Crimea. The Russian catalogue will be extremely valuable to those who are curious to know the sources of Russian wealth. It will show that nothing is wanted but improved means of internal communication and a wise administration to make Russia one of the richest countries in Europe. Large colored maps will be exhibited, which show at a glance the nature, soil, the mineral productions, and the quantity of wood in different districts; in what provinces flax and hemp are chiefly cultivated; where sugar is manufactured; and where sheep, horned cattle, and horses are reared. These maps will also show the corn districts, and the means of communication between them and the seaport towns.

MR. PEABODY'S GIFT TO THE LONDON POOR.—A recent London letter gives the practical result of the liberal appropriation made by Mr. Peabody for the benefit of the poor of London, showing how ingenious are the ways "not to do it." On an examination before a committee, one gentleman declared that the Peabody block only occupied ground formerly occupied by the poor, and had driven those poor people into closer quarters in order—what? "To provide lodgings, at a sentimental rent, for clerks, shopmen and skilled artisans, attracted from other and less crowded, but higher rented districts." Another used this pointed language: "Whatever good such buildings may do, they can never improve the neighborhood they stand in. They fly over the heads of those most in want of improvement, instead of burrowing beneath their feet. They attract a crowd of sharp-sighted tenants from outside districts, who are a little more advanced in cleanliness and civilization, and who are quick to see where ten shillings' worth of comfort is selling at less than half-price."



THE CAPTURE OF THE INFANT GORILLA.



## HOME INCIDENTS, ACCIDENTS, &amp;c.



THE COLORED VOTER.

## HOME INCIDENTS.

## The Colored Voter.

At Xenia, in Ohio, a maimed soldier recently came to the polls to vote. By the law of Ohio colored men who have more than half-white blood in their veins are allowed the right of suffrage. Our soldier being in this category, was challenged by one of the too numerous class who suppose that their superiority as white men is chiefly shown by a contempt and hatred of the blacks. The soldier, who had lost an arm in the service, replied to his challenger, holding up the stump of his arm, "You did not dare to challenge me on the battle-field." The retort was too severe for even his conservative opponent, who retired in confusion.

## The Pursuit of a Breakfast under Difficulties.

During the recent freshet at Chicago, which we illustrate in another column, some amusing incidents occurred, of which the following is one. "Not far from Sampson street a woman was seen standing at her door with one end of a long clothes-line in her hand, the other end being attached to a section of plank sidewalk



GYPSIES IN TEXAS.

know." "Oh, you'll find them much the same as in this place. The lawyers sit nearest the fire."

## Gypsies in Texas.

To the usual promiscuous character of the settlers in Texas a band of gypsies has been added. They profess to be on their way to San Antonio, and are traveling leisurely along, three men, four women, eight children, any number of dogs and horses, and a light wagon, a buggy and an ambulance. They camp in the lanes, and mend leaky coffee-pots, but their principal business is fortune-telling, in which they are wonderfully popular among the negroes. Our illustration represents a scene of this kind, which is described by a correspondent from Galveston, who met the party in the interior. By his calculation, based upon their present rate of locomotion, the party will reach San Antonio, from Pease Creek, where they were last heard from, about midsummer.

## A Floating Grocer's Raft.

Another scene in Chicago during the recent overflow, which prevented all shopping, was caused by an enterprising grocer who made a raft, and chartering two boys to push it with poles, loaded on a valuable supply of



ACCIDENT ON AN INCLINED RAILWAY.

## A Sagacious Dog.

The following story comes from Mayville, Kentucky. A few nights ago the servant of a lady in that city left her room in the basement of the house and went off to church. A coal fire was burning in the grate, and the servant throwing on a few lumps before she left, locked the door and locked in the room a little terrier dog. In a short time a lump of the burning coal fell from the grate and set fire to the floor of the room, burning through the floor and smoldering some time beneath it. The sagacious little dog, seeming to be aware of the danger, barked for some time, but failed to arouse the family in the rooms above, and commenced making efforts to get out. The windows and doors being closed, he broke a pane of glass, actually gnawed through the slate in a Venetian blind, and thus effected his escape. He ran immediately toward the church in search of the servant, and found her at the head of the file on her way home, and barking around her for a short time ran suddenly toward the house, as if anxious to signify to her that something was going wrong there. He returned in a few minutes, barked piteously again, and then dashed back again to the house. This he repeated several times, until the girl reached home, when he ran to the door and continued to bark until she opened it.



EXPLOSION AT THE WISCONSIN PAPER MILL, MILWAUKEE.

## Explosion of the Boiler in a Paper Mill.

The boiler of the Wisconsin Paper Mill in Milwaukee exploded recently with the most disastrous effect, killing four persons. The force of the explosion is thus described: "The engine-room was completely razed, not a single brick remaining on the foundation. The steam chest, weighing about three thousand pounds, was whirled about a hundred and fifty feet into the air, and passing over the entire building, landed in the street in front. The outward boiler, weighing about five thousand pounds, was thrown about half way across the river, a distance of two hundred feet. The inner boiler was thrown with great force against the main building, and shattered the rear wall so badly that it will probably have to be replaced. The boiler that exploded was torn into fragments, one half being whirled through the air over the barn, landing about three hundred feet from the engine-room on the river. The remaining portion was driven through the wall of the machine-room, and after demolishing a portion of that, landed about twenty feet off. The iron—the best quality of boiler—was twisted into every conceivable shape, showing the terrible force of the explosion. Masses of brick

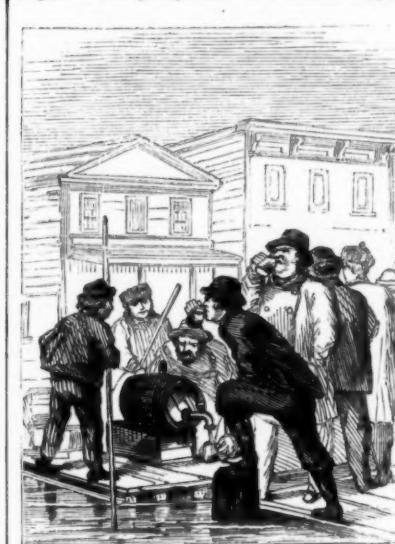


PURSUIT OF A BREAKFAST UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

on which her husband was propelling himself with the clothes-pole toward dry land. The navigator was evidently making his way to the nearest grocery to procure a supply for breakfast, his helmsman being prepared to draw him and the precious cargo back to their island home when the purchase was completed."

## Nearest the Fire.

The following scene occurred recently in Litchfield, Connecticut, during the circuit of the court. On a very cold evening a crowd of lawyers had collected around the open fire that blazed cheerfully on the hearth in the bar-room, when a traveler entered benumbed with cold; but as no one moved to give him room to warm himself, he leaned against the wall in the back part of the room. Presently a smart young limb of the law addressed him, and the following dialogue took place: "You look like a traveler?" "Well, I suppose I am; I come all the way from Wisconsin afoot at any rate." "From Wisconsin? What a distance to come on a pair of legs!" "Well, I done it any how." "Did you pass through h—ll in any of your travels?" "Yes, sir; I've been through the outskirts." "I thought likely. Well, what are the manners and customs there? Some of us would like to



A FLOATING GROCER'S RAFT.

groceries and lager, and sailing calmly from port to port, realized a handsome profit from his venture, so that he soon returned for a fresh cargo."

## Accident to a Ballet Dancer.

At the theatre at Memphis, Tenn., the chief danseuse recently being more than usually excited by the acclamations of the public, executed a pas with a wrong calculation of distance, which carried her over the foot-light into the orchestra. In the passage her dress caught fire from the lamps and she was immediately in a blaze, which, however, was promptly extinguished by the musicians, who enveloped her in their overcoats. She was carried out senseless, but was shortly afterward found to have sustained no serious injury.

## Accident on an Inclined Railway.

There is an inclined railway used in the works at Mount Holyoke, Massachusetts, the cars upon which are let down by a rope wound round a winch. Recently while two men were in the car to descend, the rope broke, and the car rushed down the inclined way with frightful rapidity. Reaching the bottom, it threw both the men out with great force, injuring one severely, though the other escaped with only slight injuries.



A SAGACIOUS DOG.

The girl found the flames bursting through the floor, and saw instantly the secret of the dog's anxiety. His evident object was to apprise her of the danger, and she was home in time to save the property from destruction.

## Oiling a Ventriloquist.

A passenger down the Alabama river describes the following scene. He was standing on the lower deck observing the working of the machinery. Near him stood a man apparently bent on the same object. In a few minutes a squeaking noise was heard on the opposite side of the engine. Seizing the oil can—a gigantic one, by the way—the engineer sought out the dry spot, and to prevent further noise of that kind liberally applied the contents of the can to every joint. All went on well for a while, when the squeaking was heard in another direction. The oiling process was repeated, and quiet was restored; but as the engineer was coming quietly toward the spot occupied by the gentleman and the stranger, he heard another squeak. This time he detected the true cause of the difficulty. The stranger was a ventriloquist. Walking straight up behind him, he seized the astonished joker by the nape of the neck and seized the contents of the can down his back. "There," said he, "I don't believe that old engine will squeak again."



A BUSINESS PROPOSAL.

were thrown incredible distances. A mass of brick and mortar was found at the distance of fully three blocks from the scene of the disaster, while for a great distance around the ground was thickly strewn with the debris."

## A Business Proposal.

The following story is told of Prof. Longfellow. The ingenious business man connected with it must have been the same person who wrote to Edward Everett stating he had noticed defects in his oratory, and offering to deliver his Washington oration for a share of the receipts. But for our story. The poet was staying a few days ago at Newport, shut up in seclusion, deeply intent on the production of some poetical work. A man demanded admittance, but was refused by the servant. He was importunate, and Longfellow was consulted, and admittance again denied. At last the man broke through all obstructions, and burst into the poet's study. Said he, headless of the poet's frown, "Mr. Longfellow, you must excuse my interruption, but I have business that is of more importance to you even than me, and I have come down from Boston on purpose to see you. You know those English blacking tallow, Warren, and them others, kept a poet, and their blacking went off because of their verses. Now I am in



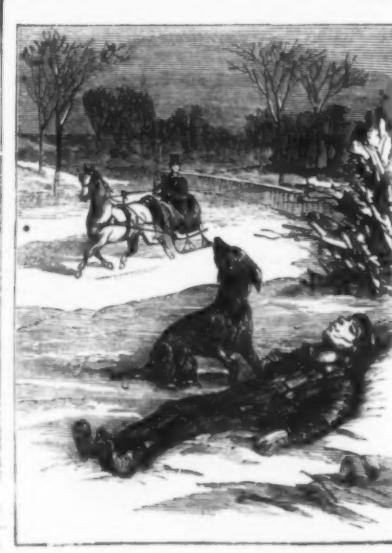
NEAREST THE FIRE.



ACCIDENT TO A DANSEUSE.



OILING A VENTRILLOQUIST.



A SAD STORY.

the blacking business, and I thought if we were to go partners, you could make the rhymes and I the blacking, and we could divide and make a good thing of it. You see you would have the best end of the thing—“Put him out! Put him out!” shrieked Longfellow, in an excess of indignation and astonishment, and the indiscreet blacking-maker left the room with greater speed than he had anticipated for the sale of his blacking.

#### Sad Story.

During a recent snow-storm, as a gentleman was jogging along in his sleigh, about half a mile from the village of Flushing, he was attracted by the pitiful yelping of a dog. On driving close to the roadside, he discovered, in the midst of the falling snow the outstretched body of a youth, apparently about fourteen years of age. The gentleman immediately sprang from his sleigh, and—“to the unspeakable joy of the dog—lifted the body into it. After succeeding in restoring animation, he drove furiously homeward. There every attention was paid to the unfortunate youth, whose name, it appears, is Thomas Hawley. His clothing was fearfully inadequate, his feet being stockingless and his shoes full of holes. The following morning he informed Mr. Wilson that his father had been a soldier in the Union army, and was killed at Gettysburg, and that his mother had died previous to that time. A few days ago the youth happened to remember that he had a cousin living several miles beyond Flushing, and undertook to walk there from New York. With great difficulty he had got almost to the village, when his strength gave out, and had it not been for the poor dog, which had long been the companion of his sufferings, he would certainly have perished.

#### FUN FOR THE FAMILY.

“WORKING for dear life” is defined to be making clothes for a new baby.

How does a hair-dresser end his days?—Hecurls up and dyes. And a sculptor?—He makes faces and busts.

A “GREAT brute of a husband” advertised in the morning papers for a “stout, able-bodied man to hold his wife’s tongue!”

An impudent exchange remarks that there are three things which are generally observed, viz.: Tilting skirts, free lunch time and other people’s business.

WHY is a lawyer the most ill-used man in our social system? Because, though he may drive his own carriage, he must draw the conveyance of other people.

“MARY, is your master at home?”  
“No, sir, he’s out.”  
“I don’t believe it.”  
“Well, then, ‘he’ll come down and tell you himself; perhaps you’ll believe it, then!’”

A POOR man who had been ill, on being asked by a gentleman whether he had taken any remedy, he replied:

“No, I ain’t taken any remedy, but I have taken lots of physic.”

“NOW, CHILDREN,” asked a school inspector, “Who loves all men?”

A little girl not four years, evidently not well up in the catechism, answered quickly:

“All women.”

“WHY,” said Bob Pitts to Bill Swipes, when he caught him drinking, “I thought you had signed the pledge.”

“So I have,” said Swipes, “but all signs fail in dry weather.”

MR. SNUB perceived that the milk he was pouring into his coffee-cup was none of the richest; he said to his hostess: “Haven’t you any milk that is more cheerful than this?”

“What do you mean by that?”

“Why, this milk seems overpowered by the blues.”

A LADY once asked the Abbe de Matignon how old he was.

“Why, I am only thirty-two,” said he; “but I count myself thirty-three, because a little boy was born a year before I was, and died, evidently keeping me back a whole year by accident.”

A CHARITY scholar under examination in Psalms, on being asked, “What is the pestilence that walketh in darkness?” answered: “Bed-bugs.”

WHEN Haddix’s wife kicked him out of bed, says he: “See here, now! you better not do that again, for it will cause a coolness.”

A LECTURE of note solemnly said one evening: “Parents, you may have children, or, if you have not, your daughters may have.”

“I DON’T believe it’s any use, this vaccination,” said a Yankee. “I had a child vaccinated, and he fell out of the window a week after, and got killed.”

WHY are railroad companies like laundresses?—Because they have ironed the whole country and sometimes do a little mangling.

An Irishman being told that the price of bread had fallen, exclaimed:

“This is the first time I ever rejoiced in the fall of my best friend.”

THE three ages of a United States Senator are, Mile-age, Post-age, and Patron-age.

At a Fourth of July celebration in Marion county, Illinois, a young lady offered the following toast:

“The young men of America—their arms our support: our arms their reward.”

ABOVE AND OVER.—It is a good thing to be above board, but generally a bad thing to be overboard.

He who can find nobody that will credit what he says, may fairly boast that he has no creditors.

“HAVE you read my last speech?” said a vain orator to a friend.

“I hope so,” was the reply.

JEFFREYS sometimes met a witness who was his match, and the laugh was turned against him. Thus, one day, in cross-examining a countryman in a leather doublet he bawled out:

“You, fellow, in the leather doublet, what have you for swearing?”

“Truly, sir,” answered the witness, “if you have no more for lying than I have for swearing, you might wear a leather doublet as well as I.”

On another occasion, when he was Recorder of London, being displeased with the evidence of a witness with a long beard, he observed that:

“K his conscience was as large as his beard, he would swear anything.”

“My lord,” replied the man, “if your lordship measures conscience by beards, your lordship has none at all.”

FIRST BOY.—“I say, Bill, what ‘a yer got in that wallet?”

Second Boy.—“How d’yer know my name was Bill?”

First Boy.—“Oh, guessed it.”

Second Boy.—“Then yer m’ guess what’s in this ‘ere wallet!”

THE GREAT HEALER.—No wounds heal more readily under the treatment of that great physician, Time, than those inflicted upon vanity.

BLIND BEGGARS IN LONDON.—The most skillful in their profession of course find the best market for their talents in the great metropolis, of whom a tall, upright young man in rusty black clothes and kid gloves is probably one of the most successful. He, as many of our readers must remember, plants himself with his back firmly against the wall at the foot of the National Gallery, or in some other great thoroughfare, and appeals to the ceaseless multitude as they pass, either silently, or, in pleasant sunny weather, in a short discourse, flavored with religious phraseology of a highly unctuous kind, but mainly consisting of his own reflections on things in general. He wears hung round his neck a small, neat placard, informing us that he has been “respectably brought up and educated, but driven by dire necessity to appeal to the bowels of compassion,” &c. In fine weather he makes his *as*, or *as*, a day, and, not keeping any canine establishment, nor apparently any human guide, can live in comparative clover. The lower grade of performers, far below him as artists, is sufficiently represented by a few well-known examples, such as the stout, elderly, good-natured-looking man who sits in one of the recesses of Waterloo Bridge, and professes to be reading in a loud, strong voice, some page of St. Paul, in Frere’s system. Whether he is reading or not is entirely another question. At all events he has learnt a good many pages by heart most correctly; and he reads on glibly enough in all weathers, rain, east wind or snow, when the finger of an unprofessionally blind boy would be utterly disabled. Next come such as the youth who blows into a tin flageolet one long, crazy attempt at a tune which he never finds; the three young, unkempt, grimy minstrels who sing alternately snatches of funeral psalmody and “Old Dog Tray” as a trio; the soldier without a hat, who invokes blessings on all passers-by who have eyes, and especially on those who remember the defenders of Old England; another hatless sufferer, a big-faced tall fellow in a white smock-frock, who boldly steers his way along the most crowded pavement, under the guidance of a sturdy bulldog; the whining outcast, near St. Giles’s, Endell street, who is one day silent and still as a child and deaf mute, and the next day moaning and shaking with St. Vitus’s dance; and lastly, the old, red-haired, freckled Scotchman, who, under the inspiration of a frowzy old woman, expends himself with desperate energy on a hopeless clarionet with absolute and hideous success. Of such as these there are probably some hundreds in London, dragging on a miserable existence, in a mixture of want, extravagance, privation and dirt.

THE dignified repose of the Court of Queen’s Bench, London, England, was recently disturbed by a couple of incidents, one of which, at least, is of an uncommon description. During a momentary pause in the business, a decently-dressed man, speaking with a northern accent, stood up in the court, and holding up his right hand, in which he held a scrap of paper, said:

“My lords, my name is James Derbyshire, and I am authorized to come here to prove myself to be the heir of England, descended from King James II.” The Lord Chief Justice, with the most imperturbable gravity, asked if he had any application to make; and the reply being in the negative, his lordship said, “Very well, that will do.” The descendant of James II, upon this resumed his seat and his silence. The next applicant was not so easily disposed of. Miss Fray, whose appearance in the Court of Queen’s Bench is by no means unfrequent (and who is the original of Dickens’s character of Miss Flit in “Bleak House”), took advantage of a new term to make one of her rambling, trifolous applications. Lord Chief Justice Cockburn, who has always treated the poor woman with the greatest kindness, fairly lost his patience on this occasion and threatened to commit the lady. Miss Fray was quite equal to the emergency, and said she wished to be committed. His lordship then ordered her to be removed from the court, and Miss Fray, after several protests, finding the judge in earnest, packed up her papers and departed. On Monday Miss Fray again pestered the Lord Chief Justice. His lordship heard her application, which had something to do with the case of “Fray vs. Voules,” and told her it would not be complied with. She endeavored to argue with his lordship, but he refused to hear her and finally she went out of the court. James Derbyshire, the claimant to the throne, also attended the court on Monday, and asked their lordships to inform him in what court he must prosecute his claim. The Lord Chief Justice said that as their lordships did not sit there to give advice, it was not usual for them to give information required. The applicant then retired.

LORD MANSFIELD’S ADVICE.—The story goes that a general officer of the army, on being appointed Governor of a West Indian island, addressed Lord Mansfield, in voice of great concern, “What am I to do, my lord? The Governor is Commander-in-Chief of the troops, and must he preside in the Local Court of Chancery? I can command soldiers, but I know nothing of law.” “Tut, man; decide promptly, but never give any reasons for your decisions. Your decisions may be right, but your reasons are sure to be wrong.” Acting on this rule, the military Chancellor pushed on well enough; but in an evil hour, forgetting the precept, he gave his first good decision, and it was immediately appealed against. Recounting the story

of the Great American Tea Company is one of those capital ideas which are part and parcel of a true economy. Every housekeeper knows the terrible trash a mixture of sloe leaves, hay, &c., sold as tea by the majority of grocers, and when they can get the very best and genuine article at the lowest possible rate by sending to Vesey street, we are sure it only requires their being told the fact to induce them to purchase their tea at the Great American Tea Company. Persons living in the country have only to send the amount, and the address, and it will be forwarded by return to them with the trifling addition of the carriage. On three or four persons, or more, might send their orders, which would diminish the expense. In a word, if any of our readers have bad tea and pay a large price for it, the fault is theirs.

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DEATH FROM THE BITE OF A CENTIPEDE.—A

musician belonging to one of the French regiments has just met with an extraordinary death at Vera Cruz. He was engaged to play at a ball, and being very thirsty, he went out into the garden, and finding a water-bottle on the terrace, took it up and drank freely. Suddenly he raised cries of agony, and upon assistance arriving, it was found that an enormous centipede had fixed its mandibles in his throat. The animal had taken up his abode in the neck of the bottle, and was washed into his mouth in the act of drinking. A surgeon who was called was obliged to cut it to pieces, but the poison from the bite caused death in a few hours.

GEORGE WILKES, the celebrated editor of the great sporting paper of New York, has commenced a most valuable feature in his paper—it being, in fact, a sort of consulting-room, on which every person owning a horse can get advice gratis, on all questions relative to sick or injured horses. The way is to address the editor, giving the particulars of the case; in the next number of *Wilkes’ Spirit of the Times* will be found a prescription, and full directions for treating the case in question. This is a most important feature, and cannot fail to be eagerly taken advantage of by all persons.

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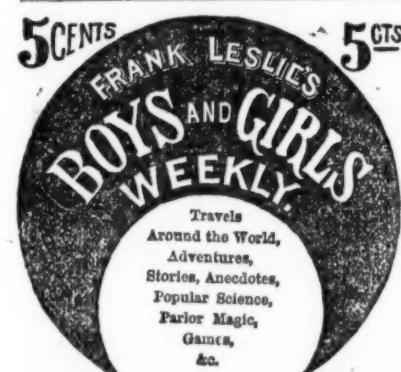
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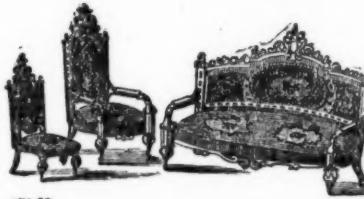
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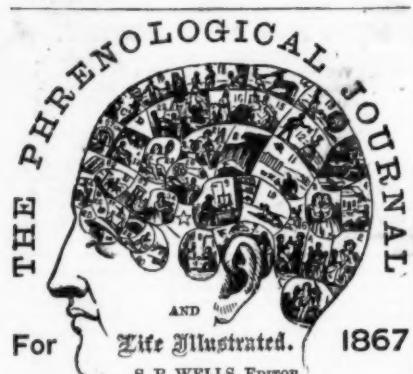
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